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THE HORN BOOK

Magazine

Published Four Times a Year

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The Bookshop for Boys and Girls

WOMEN'S EDUCATIONAL AND INDUSTRIAL UNION
270 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

February
1930
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NUMBER 1

Randolph Caldecott's drawings adapted and reproduced through the courtesy of Frederick Warne & Company

THE HORN BOOK

Volume VI FEBRUARY, 1930 *Number 1*

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
FRONTISPIECE: From "Prince Bantam"	2
CONTEMPORARY BOOK ILLUSTRATION. By Lynd Ward	3
THE SPRING-GREEN LADY: ELEANOR FARJEON. By Helen Dean Fish	10
SAILING THE OCEAN THAT COMES TO EVERY MAN'S DOOR. By F. Alexander Magoun	17
HOW "HITTY" HAPPENED. By Rachel Field	22
A TEST OF HITTY'S PEGS AND PATIENCE. By Dorothy P. Lathrop	27
HITTY IN THE BOOKSHOP. By Alice Barrett	31
HELEN COALE CREW. By Lucile Gulliver	32
THE CITY OF A THOUSAND SECRETS. By Eric P. Kelly	37
PREPARING TO MAKE CHILDREN'S BOOKS. By Winifred Howard	43
THE EPIC OF THE DESERT. By Eunice Tietjens	49
LONG ISLAND'S STORY — WHY NOT OTHER REGIONAL BOOKS? By Bertha E. Mahony	55
THE TRAIL AND LEGEND PRIZE — $50	62
FALCONS OF FRANCE. Reviewed by Hubert V. Coryell	63
FLIGHTS AND FIGHTS IN FRANCE. By Hubert V. Coryell, Jr.	67
THE READING CONTEST	73
ADVENTURES WITH MUSIC. By Joseph G. Bradley	83
A LIBRARY ON WHEELS. By Elizabeth T. Turner	93

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WINDOW SILLS

By Rosemary Thomas

This afternoon
I feel the daffodils.
My window sills
Are melting in the sun;
No more they point
Thin icy fingers to the ground;
But they anoint
The earth with fragrant, dripping sound.
In one clear stream they run
Deep where faint roots are found
And seeds are sprung.
The long, pale finger that once hung
Upon its ghostly hand of frozen glass
Now fills
The thirsting cup of daffodils.
And when, in gorgeous mass,
It spills
A flood of gold upon the tender grass,
I know
These petals blow
Because of ice and snow
On window sills.

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From "Prince Bantam"
Illustrated by Lynd Ward (Macmillan)

THE HORN BOOK

Volume VI . FEBRUARY, 1930 *Number 1*

CONTEMPORARY BOOK ILLUSTRATION

By Lynd Ward*

I.

In our modern world illustration is the visual art closest, both in theory and in fact, to the greatest number of people. With magazine illustration seeming irretrievably set along the way of elegant and refined stupidity, the health of the book field becomes of increasing concern. To those who have for years believed in the essential importance of book illustration, the great vitality which has gradually been taking possession of it both as a field and as an art is more than welcome.

If there be any doubts as to the existence of this vitality, even a casual comparison of the books of twenty years ago with those of the past season should more than suffice to decide the question. It is, perhaps, more than vitality. It would seem almost as if the last few years had witnessed or in another sense nurtured the growth of an energetic life that has been achingly lacking for years.

In the early days of bookmaking, men approached the problems of type and picture with minds free of all considerations save that of making a book. Then gradually the creation of the illustrations was separated from the rest, became involved, complex, a goal in itself. Reproduction entered in, first in the form of human craftsmanship and then, by human ingenuity, in the form of cold machines. Undreamed-of possibilities suddenly leaped upon the scene and after some years and when the smoke had to a degree

*Lynd Ward will be remembered at once as the author of "God's Man" (Cape & Smith, $2.50) and as the illustrator of "Prince Bantam" (Macmillan, $3.00), a fine example of the modern bookmaking he describes.

cleared away, we found that what we were offering as illustrations for books were far from being book illustration. So, heartened by a revolt already won against somewhat similar conditions in Europe, we slowly, carefully, craftily, unobtrusively revolted.

Many, of course, will deny that there has been any revolt. We have seen no blood and very little thunder, it is true. But the fact remains that the prevailing and most prominent characteristics of book art today are so far a cry from the situation of twenty years ago as to be practically in revolutionary relation to them. And the foremost book artists of today have won their position and established the essential right of their beliefs by a not altogether easy struggle.

There is by no means a consistent character throughout the field. But the leaders, the people whose work is regarded as outstanding and representative of the best that we have, do, fortunately, determine the tangible character of the field. In them, undeniably, we have a new world.

II.

Your outstanding contemporary book illustrator is a different man from his immediate predecessors. He is, to begin with, very seriously concerned with his work as a serious art. He is no dabbler, no superficial trafficker in sentimentalities. The day of the pretty drawing, the careful, uninspired and pretty penwork, the large and literal oil painting, is over. These still exist, but only as remnants. As mediums of expression they are exhausted and all that is left for them is repetition which is slow death. It might perhaps be possible to establish that the decay of the old school grew from a fundamentally wrong attitude towards the technique of bookmaking. Be that as it may, it is nevertheless true that the book artist of today is concerned with technique in a far more significant way than were those to whom technique meant, for example, developing the ability to handle a pen so meticulously as to overshadow in complexity the master Aubrey Beardsley. Your contempo-

rary carries his study of book technique to its source, and instead of asking "How far can I go and still get the stuff between book covers by means of complex reproduction?" he demands of himself, "What modern processes have been developed that are logically suited to the creation of work that is pure book?"

The answering of this question has carried him directly into the craftsmanship of bookmaking, the best possible place for an illustrator to be. He has discovered that type and picture meet at definite points in their development, that one is designed essentially in the same way as the other is designed; the problem of unity is made clearer. Your contemporary is, therefore, in exactly the same relation to his work as were the early bookmakers, whose products have for centuries been held up as most nearly approaching the perfect form. Stimulated by that realization, his illustration has attained a simplicity and an undiluted book quality that has never been achieved in any other way.

When, in his search into the technique of illustration, your contemporary finds himself back at the starting point of the book as a distinct phenomenon, he cannot help realizing the necessity of treating the book as a single unit from binding design to tailpiece. That immediately does away with the

Drawing by Lynd Ward for "Prince Bantam" (Macmillan)

stifling practice, for which more than one generation must be indicted, of commissioning a set of pictures to be scattered through the pages of the book a few minutes before binding. His illustrations, then, are inevitably of a different quality, a part of the flesh of the book in their technical creation, a part of the spirit of the book in the way they have come into being.

The result of this fundamental approach has been a body of work that is pure book illustration, an achievement infinitely rarer than one would suppose. It is doubtful that we have had it in this country before.

The persons behind this body of work are widely separated one from another and might indeed hesitate to admit any possible interrelation. But it is there. The first thing they have in common is that regard for the technique of bookmaking, and the second is an insistence upon individuality.

The old school, like most things conservative, inculcated the conservation of the insignificant parts of what preceding generations had bequeathed them. Because Mr. So-and-so made really good illustrations using a certain style of pen work, a group of fervent followers of Mr. So-and-so grew up who studied and improved upon his style of pen work and utterly neglected the motivating thought behind it.

Your outstanding contemporary will have none of that. To him, Mr. So-and-so's value lies in what he had to say about the world within the limits of his book page and your contemporary insists upon seeing the world through his own eyes. His work, therefore, seems miles removed from that of the outstanding artists of preceding years, but actually there is a closer relationship than was ever attained by those of the old school who followed so closely.

If at some time in the misty future an interested gentleman looks back upon our present age, he must surely note the quality of prizing the original spirit as the most valuable we have developed. It is, I believe, intrinsically bound up with a right regard for the medium. The two go along together, and sustain each other.

The men and women who are foremost in the world of book illustration today stand each one alone; the work of each is the expression of an individual who has something worth saying; at the same time it is intrinsically book work, by which I mean that its use in any way, save as a part of the book, must by its very nature be secondary.

Drawing by Lynd Ward for "Little Blacknose" (Harcourt)

Consider Boris Artzybasheff. Of his many distinguished books the most impressive, to my mind, is "The Fairy Shoemaker." There is within the covers of this small volume a more triumphant realization of the meaning of book illustration than we are likely to experience again in many years. In the first place, the book did not exist even potentially until a series of encounters with verses by various and scattered poets began to form a pattern in Mr. Artzybasheff's mind. The pattern found visual expression in a medium which cannot conceivably be important, save as a book medium, and the volume which we know as "The Fairy

Shoemaker" was the eventual result. The thing is a unit. You cannot take away the verses or the drawings or the medium without destroying the whole; in that mysterious union the art of book illustration exists.

Consider Elizabeth MacKinstry and James Daugherty. These two, as widely separated in what they have to say as is each from Mr. Artzybasheff, are nevertheless equally distinguished in their feeling for the book. Are not the drawings in, say, "The White Cat" and "Abe Lincoln Grows Up" as much a part of their books as the stories themselves? Can they have any significant existence that does not first of all bear witness to the fact that they are book illustrations, and of rare quality?

An age is, after all, counted by the human beings that it produces. And the gentleman of the future who scans our day will probably mention other book artists, but he cannot avoid naming these three on any list he may make of those whose work has been instrumental in determining the status of our day.

III.

Most impressive, perhaps, of the many ways in which the new vitality evidences itself is the growing importance of the artist as a functional being rather than a mere complementary decorator. For some years a philosophy of book illustration has contended that the business of the artist is limited to the creation of a pleasing (usually pretty) accompaniment of the essential fiber of the story. No artist with a serious understanding of what he is doing can ever accept that restriction of his book function. And so it has come to pass that in many cases the artist has succeeded in making his contribution to the book, not only quite as important as the original text, but often the vital life fluid of the story. And heartened perhaps by his ability to do that, or possibly out of sheer exuberance, he has developed the picture book as a recognized and by now very necessary part of literature. The importance of this form of story-telling is increasing rapidly; it is easy to see an even more significant future ahead for it.

What it is, essentially, is a capitalization of the literary qualities that are inherent in every unit of visual art. The artist has made the not-altogether-wild conjecture that if a writer lists in his text certain qualities that are to be included in the development of a certain character, a picture of that character in which those qualities are foremost would carry the message equally well, if not better, and it would then be a simple step to dispense with the list of qualities in the text. By thus paring down and building up, processes quite congenial to the making of an illustration, the artist is able to tell a story in which the usual relation of much text to little picture is exactly reversed and the greatest part of the story is told by the pictures themselves. There are both anthropological and psychological bolsterings for this development and the fact that increasing numbers of artists are finding in it a place for intelligent activity promises much for the future. Intelligent activity is the prerequisite of art.

Drawing by Lynd Ward for "Traveling Shops" (Macmillan)

See page 26 for list of books illustrated by Lynd Ward

THE SPRING-GREEN LADY: ELEANOR FARJEON

By Helen Dean Fish

Lady, lady, my Spring-green lady,
May I come into your orchard, lady?
For the leaf is now on the apple bough,
And the sun is bright and the lawn is shady,
Lady, lady, my fair lady,
*Oh — my Spring-green lady!**

TO read "Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard" or "Italian Peepshow" or "Kaleidoscope" leaves one sure that back of them is a writer who is lovely and alive and happy and possessed of a rare sense of humor, for everything she writes somehow communicates something of those qualities to the reader.

Eight years ago "Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard" made this reader so grateful to the author for having written it that I wished to see her and thank her. But even after five years of a growing friendship through correspondence it was with some hesitancy at invading Miss Farjeon's privacy that I wrote to ask if I might call on her when I came to England. I rather hoped to find her in her cottage on the Sussex Downs near Arundel, where she wrote "Martin Pippin" in the heart of Martin's own country, but her reply came from London, bidding me and my friend to tea with her on a June afternoon in her attic room near Hampstead. We were to find her door behind the open one of a garage in a courtyard whose cobbles Keats once trod. But if we couldn't find the door, she bade us lift our voices in "The Star-Spangled Banner" which would bring her speedily to our rescue. Fortunately this was unnecessary, but she ran down the steps from her attic to welcome us at the door and drew us up to an old, wide, comfortable, low-ceilinged room overflowing with books and music and pictures. There was a kettle on the hob of an ancient, diminutive grate and a table spread with English bread-and-butter,

* From "Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard."

glowing strawberries and two kinds of cakes — the sign, as Miss Farjeon said, of a *real* party. We were at home at once and things crowded to be talked about. The tea came out of a fascinating double caddy made by a sea-faring ancestor, with one side for India and the other for China, and an ingenious device to prevent getting them mixed. The tea-cups were every one different and were collected by Miss Farjeon's mother on her wedding journey around the world. When our visit was first planned we hoped that Rachel Field could be one of the callers, and though she could not be, there was a cup set out for her and a chair by the fire and we toasted her in fragrant amber liquid. (Several years later Miss Field very happily drew the gay pictures and cover design for Miss Farjeon's "Come Christmas.")

The time flew. Miss Farjeon was zestfully interested in every subject — in the skylarks we had heard on the Downs and the nightingales we had *not* heard in the Pope's garden at Avignon; she told us about her winter in Fiesole which gave her "Italian Peepshow" and the days she loves to spend in Brittany in a little farmhouse with rushes on the floor and a candle to light her to bed; about her walks on the Downs to find dew-ponds and talk with shepherds — such walks as gave us her lovely poem, "From Chichester to Alfriston" — and of her plans for a book of tales for children about London names and places — the book which now, just finished, is "The Tale of Tom Tiddler."

Miss Farjeon, with a sort of fine shyness, has never wished to have her photograph taken for publication, but I think she will not mind if I give her to you in words as well as I can. She is rosy, dark-haired, bright-eyed and that day wore a crisp print frock with a white ruffled petticoat — as crisp and dainty as if she were the Spring-green lady herself. Indeed, she seems to belong to Sussex and the Downs and Gilman's apple orchard. She is "hearty" in the most delightful sense of the word and in her company you share her genuine, childlike zest for all things — from the book she found on a book-stall that day to the taste of the straw-

berries and the memory of picking them, warm with sun, under the leaves. She is a person whose eyes and mind and heart are always wide open, though one cannot read her poems without knowing that she has mightily won her joy. But she *has* won it, and has it to give away. Joy is, I think, the keynote of all her stories, her poems, her people, her music. Hear Martin Pippin for a bit:

One morning in April, Martin Pippin walked in the meadows near Adversane, and there he saw a young fellow sowing a field of oats broadcast. So pleasant a sight was enough to arrest Martin for an hour, though less important things, such as making his living, could not occupy him for a minute. So he leaned upon the gate and presently noticed that for every handful he scattered the young man shed as many tears as seeds, and now and then he stopped his sowing altogether, and putting his face between his hands, sobbed bitterly. When this had happened three or four times, Martin hailed the youth, who was fairly close to the gate.

"Young master," said he, "the baker of this crop will want no salt to his baking and that's flat!"

The young man dropped his hands and turned his sad and tear-stained countenance upon the Minstrel. He was so young a man that he wanted his beard.

"They who taste of my sorrow," he replied, "will have no stomach for bread." And with that he fell anew to his sowing and sighing, and passed up the field.

When he came down again, Martin observed, "It must be a very bitter sorrow that will put a man off his dinner."

"It is the bitterest," said the youth, and went his way.

At his next coming, Martin inquired, "What is the name of your sorrow?"

"Love," said the youth. By now he was somewhat distant from the gate when he came abreast of it and Martin did not catch the word. So he called louder:

"What?"

"Love!" shouted the youth. His voice cracked on it. He appeared slightly annoyed. Martin chewed a grass and watched him up and down the meadow.

At the right moment he bellowed:

"I was never yet put off my feed by love."

"Then," roared the youth, "you have never loved."

At this Martin jumped over the gate and ran along the furrow behind the boy.

"I have loved," he vowed, "as many times as I have tuned lute-strings."

"Then," said the youth, not turning his head, "you have never loved in vain."

"Always, thank God!" said Martin fervently.

The youth, whose name was Robin Rue, suddenly dropped all his seed in one heap, flung out his arms, and,

"Alas!" he cried, "Oh, Gillian, Gillian!" and began to sob more heavily than ever.

"Tell me your trouble," said the Minstrel kindly.

"Sir," said the youth, "I do not know your name, and your clothes are very tattered. But you are the first who has cared whether or no my heart should break since my lovely Gillian was locked with six keys into her father's well-house, and six young milk-maids, sworn virgins and man-haters all, to keep the keys."

"The thirsty," said Martin, "make little of padlocks when within a rope's length of water."

"But, sir," continued the youth earnestly, "this well-house is set in the midst of an apple orchard enclosed in a hawthorn hedge full six feet high, and no entrance thereto but one small green wicket, bolted on the inner side."

"Indeed?" said Martin.

"And worse to come. The length of the hedge there is a great duck-pond, nine yards broad, and three wild ducks swimming on it. Alas!" he cried, "I shall never see my lovely girl again!"

"Love is a mighty power," said Martin Pippin, "but there are doubtless things it cannot do."

"I ask so little," sighed Robin Rue. "Only to send her a primrose for her hair-band, and to have again whatever flower she wears there now."

"Would this really content you?" said Martin Pippin.

"I would then consent to live," swore Robin Rue, "long enough at all events to make an end of my sowing."

"Well, that would be something," said Martin cheerfully, "for fields must not go fallow that are appointed to bear. Direct me to your Gillian's apple orchard."

"It is useless," Robin said. "For even if you could cross the duck-pond, and evade the ducks, and compass the green gate, my sweetheart's father's milk-maids are not to be come over by any man; and they watch the well-house day and night."

"Yet direct me to the orchard," repeated Martin Pippin, and thrummed his lute a little.

"Oh, sire," said Robin anxiously, "I must warn you that it is a long and weary way; it may be as much as two mile by the road." And he looked disconsolately at the Minstrel, as though in fear he would be discouraged from the adventure.

"It can but be attempted," answered Martin, "and now tell me only whether I go north or south as the road runs."

"Gilman, the farmer, her father," said Robin Rue, "has moreover a very big stick—"

"Heaven help us!" cried Martin and took to his heels.

"That ends it," sighed the sorry lover.

"At least let us make a beginning," quoth Martin Pippin. He leaped the gate, mocked at a cuckoo, plucked a primrose and went singing up the road.

Then follow six delightful love tales, with Martin's own love story woven in between them with a mixture of gaiety and beauty that is altogether irresistible.

Jacket for "Kaleidoscope"
Designed by Dorothy P. Lathrop
(F. A. Stokes Co.)

Eleanor Farjeon is a granddaughter of the actor Joseph Jefferson and the daughter of B. L. Farjeon the novelist. She was born in England and has lived there all her life. When still in her teens she wrote poetry and light-opera librettos for which she was complimented highly by W. S. Gilbert, librettist of the famous Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

Her early writings were chiefly verse and music for children, and her first published books were two volumes of serious verse in 1908 and 1911. Then came "Nursery Rhymes of London Town" in 1916 and 1917, more grown-up poetry in 1918 and several books of singing games and rounds. "Gypsy and Ginger," her first story, was published in 1920, and "Martin Pippin" in 1922 established her literary and artistic reputation more firmly than any of her previous work. "The Soul of Kol Nikon," a fantasy, followed in 1923, and in 1927 "Joan's Door," a volume of child poems, and "Italian Peepshow," a book of delightful, original folk-tales, among which is the inimitably lovely "The King of Tripoli Brings the Pasta." "Come Christmas," a gay little book of new Christmas poems, bursting full of all the joys of Christmas for young and old, came in 1928 and in 1929, "Kaleidoscope," a charming story for older boys and girls and adults. It is made of the dreams of youth and tells of a penniless but happy young man about London who needs no more than his penny newspaper to send him adventuring in a world of romance.

And now we have "The Tale of Tom Tiddler," again a treat for younger readers. Here Miss Farjeon gives us fanciful tales of how the familiar and often amusing names of London streets and byways came to be — Shepherd's Bush and Whitechapel, Lavender Hill and Petticoat Lane, Earl's Court and Jack Straw's Castle and a score more. The English edition is already on the market in England and the American edition is in preparation and will soon be ready. It will be preferable to the English edition on account of the inclusion, in addition to the tales, of a number of the delightful "Rhymes of London Town." Who can resist:

I went up to the Hay-market upon a summer's day,
I went up to the Hay-market to sell a load of hay,
To sell a load of hay and a little bit over,
And I sold it all to a pretty girl for a nosegay of red clover.
A nosegay of red clover and a hollow golden straw,
Now wasn't that a bargain, the best you ever saw?
I whistled on my straw in the market-place all day,
And the London folk came flocking for to foot it in the hay.

Once you have met Eleanor Farjeon in one of her magical books and lived in her English countryside, you want to read everything she has written and you live in pleasant anticipation of her next book, for you know it will be something written out of a rich life — a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

Books by Eleanor Farjeon:

Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard	*Stokes*	2.50
The Italian Peepshow	*Stokes*	2.50
Rhymes of London Town	*Imported*	1.50
Joan's Door	*Stokes*	2.00
Singing Games for Children	*Dutton*	1.50
Come Christmas	*Stokes*	1.75
The Soul of Kol Nikon	*Imported*	2.00
Kaleidoscope	*Stokes*	2.00
The Tale of Tom Tiddler	*Stokes*	2.00

From "The Tale of Tom Tiddler"
Illustrated by Norman Tealsby (Stokes)

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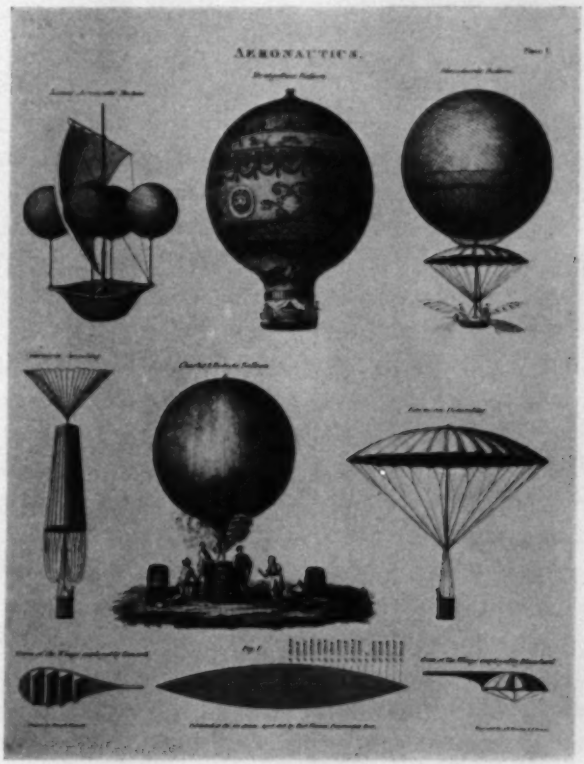
SAILING THE OCEAN THAT COMES TO EVERY MAN'S DOOR

By F. Alexander Magoun

ONE of the best ways to understand anything is to go into its history. As Mr. Durant has said it "stimulates the habit of dealing with large wholes and applying the total perspective to our little concerns." This is as true of aeronautics as it is of any other field. Strangely enough, until the study of a round thousand of old books, papers and manuscripts in English, French, German and Italian resulted in "Sky High, the Story of Aviation"



From "Sky High"
(Little, Brown & Co.)

(Little, Brown, $2.50), there had never been a complete history of the subject printed in America.

To most of us the idea that man's attempt to fly dates back to 400 years before the Christian era is a new one, yet Archytas, a student of Pythagoras, constructed a wooden pigeon which is reputed to have flown by means of some mystic power in the year 400 B.C.

Many of those early attempts seem amusing to us now, as for example, the aspiration of Domingo Gonsales to fly by means of harnessing a great number of trained eagles. The realization that the sun drew up the dew from the grass led to the theory that if some light container, such as an egg-shell, were attached to one's belt and filled with dew, the action of the sun would be sufficient to enable one to fly.

There were, of course, a great many attempts to conquer the air by the imitation of birds. Leonardo Da Vinci was among the first to design such a mechanism, not realizing that in order to fly as the sparrow does it would be necessary for him to exert at least two horsepower.

The first real beginnings of success came one day in 1783, when Joseph Montgolfier returned home from his paper mill in the little town of Annonay, France. As he opened the door, the draught up the chimney was disturbed, with the result that smoke poured out into the room, catching a red petticoat hung in front of the fireplace, and ballooned it to the ceiling. Montgolfier reflected on this phenomenon and wondered whether the current theory that man could fly if only he could catch a cloud in the bag, would not be equally applicable to smoke. The results were gratifying.

The first living things ever to go up in a hot-air balloon were a duck, a rooster, and a sheep. This was quite wise, for these experimenters had no way of knowing whether a short distance above the surface of the earth conditions would prevail which would make life impossible. When these unwilling voyagers came down again, the sheep was found to have a broken leg which, however, seemed to be a result of the violent landing rather than of circumstances encountered aloft.

The first hydrogen balloon was constructed by the famous Professor of Physics, Monsieur Charles. After many unexpected difficulties, the inflated envelope was transported by torch light — imagine torches carelessly carried beside a bag of explosive hydrogen! — to the Champ de Mars, where the Eiffel Tower now is. Crowds waited. Roofs sagged. At last the balloon was released. Within two minutes it rose over 3,000 feet and was soon lost from sight.

"The first living things ever to go up in a hot-air balloon were a duck, a rooster, and a sheep."

It came down some fifteen miles away, much to the astonishment of the natives, who, believing the thing to be of the Devil, shot it dead, set upon it with pitch forks, and finally tied it to a horse's tail, dragging it about until only shreds remained.

In 1785, four years before George Washington was elected President of the United States, a Boston physician by the name of Jeffries succeeded in flying across the English Channel in company with the French aeronaut, Blanchard. It was not done by aeroplane until 1910. It is a surprising fact that of the first thousand balloon ascents only three ended fatally.

The gradual emergence of the glider was helped on by such men as Sir George Cayley, who, in the early part of the 19th century, cajoled his coachman with pieces of silver to run wildly down a hill carrying a girder with him until a gust of wind caught it and whirled it into the air. The flight was most successful, in spite of which the coachman insisted that he had been hired to drive and not to fly.

In France there was Captain LeBris, who had served as a ship captain and consequently knew the ability of the albatros to soar for hours at a time without ever flapping a wing. LeBris built a girder with which he carried on experiments. Of a Sunday morning his artificial bird was loaded unto the rails of a hay-cart and carried into the country. The horse followed a turn in the road which brought the girder full into the wind. The machine instantly rose, carrying the exultant captain with it, but unfortunately a rope dangling beneath it became entangled about the driver, who was thus suspended in mid-air, bellowing at the top of his lungs in a position least calculated to be apparent to LeBris. The captain had wished to stay aloft for two hours if possible. When at last the situation dawned on him, it was something of a struggle to change the wing angles and come down. A man who has made so noble a sacrifice deserves a better fate than the crash which rewarded LeBris' magnanimity. Interestingly enough he subsequently served with distinction

in the Franco-Prussian War and came out of it to become a special constable in his native town. After having survived the perils of the sea, the unknown dangers of the air, and the horrors of war, he was ambushed and killed by the racketeers.

The stories of heroism and success which finally culminated in the triumphs of the Wright Brothers are many and varied. Among them the resourcefulness of Charles Manley, assistant to Professor Langley, deserves a place. Desiring a light engine by which to drive the professor's plane, Manley visited Daimlier, the great French gas engine pioneer. When the requirements had been explained, Daimlier said that there not only was no such engine, but that there never would be one, because if such an engine were possible, he, Daimlier, would have built it. Manley promptly returned to Washington, not discouraged in the least, and proceeded to design and construct an engine which fulfilled the astonishing difficulties of the specifications.

To understand the persistent courage and sacrifice of these men who would not believe that "it could not be done," is to realize how small a part the men to whom we give acclaim today have really played in the conquering of the air. It is the last man in the line, jumping from the shoulders of those who have struggled to prepare the way before him, who is the first to become famous.

Of course no history of aviation would be complete without the story of Santos Dumont, the aerostatic sportsman of the gay nineties; the men who carried aircraft through its awkward age; the immense development caused by the World War; and the modern heroes who have carried the flag of exploration through the air, humbled oceans, shrunk continents, looked down on jungles. The accomplishments of each one of them will be found chronicled in "Sky High."

SKY HIGH, A HISTORY OF AVIATION. By Eric P. Hodgins and Frederick A. Magoun. *Little* 2.50

HOW "HITTY" HAPPENED

By Rachel Field

PEOPLE are not always in a hurry in New York. One night, about a year ago last winter, an Illustrator of children's books and a Writer of them were walking along West 8th Street after having dinner in one of the small shops on that street, which is nearly all little shops. Said the Illustrator to the Writer, "Let us stop and say good evening to Hitty."

Rachel Field and Spriggin

"And who is Hitty?" asked the Writer.

Well, it turned out that she was the tiny old-fashioned wooden doll in the window of the Antique Shop a little farther west. By a very remarkable coincidence the Writer of children's books had been one of her greatest admirers, too, only she had not gone so far as to discover her name. She had been afraid to go in the Shop at all, for she was sure she would become even more delighted with the doll

and she felt sure she must cost far too much money for her to think of buying. The Artist had been more enterprising. That very morning she had been in and examined her. That is how she found out Hitty's name, written in faded Spencerian letters on a bit of paper sewed to her brown sprigged calico, and also that she was even more expensive than either of them had believed possible for six and a half inches of jointed wood. Still, as the lady who kept the Antique Shop had pointed out, she was "a regular museum piece" and "genuine early American." Besides she did not look in the least like a doll. She had far too much character in her little brown face with its turned-up nose and long, wide apart eyes and her inscrutable smile. Indeed, she looked so much like a combination of Emily Dickinson and Katherine Cornell that it was startling. That made her two admirers want her more than ever, but they knew she was much too expensive, so the Illustrator went home to Albany to make pictures for more children's books and the Writer walked farther east to her house where she was busy writing some.

However, she often passed the Antique Shop and always reported news of Hitty when she wrote to her friend in Albany. One day she had very, very sad tidings to tell. Hitty was gone from the window! Undoubtedly she had been sold to a rich customer and that was the last they would ever see of her. This letter brought an even sadder reply from Albany. It now occurred to the Illustrator that they might have had Hitty for their own if they had only thought to put their money together and buy her in partnership. She felt sure that they might have written a book about her in this case but now it was too late. Still, she suggested that just to make perfectly sure the Writer step in and inquire.

That very afternoon she went into the Shop, feeling very hopeless about it all. Timidly she began her question. The Antique Shop lady's face brightened, — the little wooden doll in the window? No, indeed, she hadn't been sold, she had been taken out of the window to show a customer and they had forgotten to put her back. The Writer could

hardly believe her ears and her eyes when Hitty was brought out from a desk drawer. Even as she took her carefully between her thumb and forefinger she knew that it had been meant that she and the Illustrator should do Hitty's story. She even began to know things that had happened to her. Right then and there it came to her how Hitty had lost her complexion on a whaling voyage that she had gone on long ago with a family from Maine named Preble. And it almost seemed as if Hitty must be telling her about those days on the Island where they all took refuge after the ship went down and where they would all doubtless have perished at the hands of the savages if she, Hitty, had not saved them. The Writer did not delay further, she saw the Doll being packed and started for Albany before she left the Shop.

In a few days a letter came from the Illustrator who had given Hitty a place of honor in her studio. She felt sure that all the other had guessed about the whaling trip and the Island and the Savages was true and she was eager to paint a picture of Hitty in the Savages' temple in the South Sea Island, with bright flowers and bamboo shoots, and even a monkey thrown in. After that they began writing each other all the ideas they kept having about Hitty's past. No one in the Antique Shop knew a thing about her, so there was no one to dispute them and Hitty sat on in the studio looking very pleased in her shy, early American way, but altogether approving of her book. Since she was well over a hundred years old, she must have had many more adventures by both land and sea and river boat. It was plain that she had survived the Civil War period and seen railroad trains take the place of stage coaches, and steamboats follow the sailing vessels of her youth. She must also have seen extraordinary changes take place in little girls' clothes and manners. It made one almost afraid of Hitty to think of all she had experienced since her features had been fashioned and her legs so neatly pegged!

That following summer the Illustrator brought Hitty in her own handbag all the way to an Island, the smallest of

the three Cranberry Islands that lie off Mt. Desert in the state of Maine. Here she had a special room on a shelf and a cane-seated chair and painted settle to sit in, besides a braided rug, a china cupboard and a small dog to complete her outfit. While she sat there smiling among her treasures and much admired by all Island visitors, her joint owners and a friend were working hard to piece out her memoirs. This was not always easy, but somehow they always knew in some queer, secret way if they had the special adventure right. For a whole week they thought of nothing but this from breakfast on the piazza that faced the wide sea to evening when the gulls would be flying home to Duck Island with sunset on their white breasts and wings. Even at night before the driftwood fire they discussed Hitty's life, until all three were as familiar with it as if they had been along with her from the year 1830. It was indeed a great day when they realized that she had been held in the famous right hand of Mr. Charles Dickens, and that as well-known a poet as Mr. John Greenleaf Whittier had made up a poem about her. It was on the Island, too, that they discovered that "going into camphor" is a familiar process to most old dolls. In this way they live through long periods of time though they are as unconscious of it as if they were under complete anesthetic.

Last winter when the snow was white and the icicles hanging very long and pointed from the windows of the Illustrator's Albany studio, the Writer of children's books visited her there and saw Hitty's portrait which had just been finished. She pronounced this a speaking likeness and she and the Illustrator spent hours poring over patches on a beautiful old patchwork quilt, trying to decide which one should be copied to make an appropriate cover for Hitty's book. By that time she had received many new presents for Christmas from admirers, — more china animals, a brand-new maple desk, a quilt of her own, and the day they signed the contract with their publisher the Illustrator and the Writer went out and bought her a Swiss music box that played three tunes!

Hitty's story is all done now and the various pictures of her falling out of the Crow's Nest; with the Mice in the haymow; being a Heathen Idol in the Island Temple; wearing her Quaker dress and cap, and dressed as a bride at the New Orleans' cotton exposition, are ready and waiting. We hope that you will approve of them and of her. Whether Hitty herself does, who knows? But at any rate she continues to keep her pleasant expression as she has for the first hundred years of her life.

HITTY, HER FIRST HUNDRED YEARS. By Rachel Field. Illustrated by Dorothy P. Lathrop. *Macmillan* 2.50

JUVENILE BOOKS ILLUSTRATED BY LYND WARD

See pages 3 to 9 inclusive

1928 THE BEGGING DEER by Dorothy Rowe. *Macmillan*

1929 PRINCE BANTAM by May McNeer. *Macmillan*

TRAVELING SHOPS by Dorothy Rowe. *Macmillan*

LITTLE BLACKNOSE by Hildegarde H. Swift.

A TEST OF HITTY'S PEGS AND PATIENCE

By Dorothy P. Lathrop

HITTY was the most patient of all the models I have ever had. And, since that list ranges from humans to grasshoppers, it speaks well for the New England stoicism which Hitty brought to her task of posing. Not that humans are always the best of models nor grasshoppers the worst. Children are every bit as bad and quite similar to grasshoppers when they sit, or rather hop, for their pictures. I remember vividly an hour spent on a nursery floor in which I prowled on all fours, dragging my

Dorothy P. Lathrop and Hitty

drawing materials after me, around and around a baby who, my memory asserts, was spinning like a top in spite of the best efforts of his mother and his nurse, who were likewise circling him on hands and knees, to allow me to look at him twice from the same angle. Monkeys, too, like children, are never still. Then there have been dogs and cats and deer, rabbits, chipmunks, mice, toads, red efts, crickets, dragon-

flies, flowers and fairies. And Hitty was far and away the most tireless in posing, and the most obliging of them all.

Always I would tire of drawing long before Hitty would own up to any aching in her pegs. Drawing her was both very easy and very difficult. Easy, because much of her anatomy was unnaturally simple; difficult, because every simplification was counterbalanced by a disturbing rigidity and an inability to register her emotions by appropriate gesture and expression. It did not seem right, for instance, that she should wear her normal pleasant smile in the picture with the cobra.

"Hitty," I told her, "imagine that at this very moment the cobra is looking over your shoulder. Hold your arms up so and look frightened."

But though she held her arms at the angle I suggested, I could not see that her expression was one whit less pleased than when she sat for her daguerreotype, which is a time when all of us muster the pleasantest of which we are capable. After reading Hitty's memoirs, while I was sorry for her sake that she had not the proper number of fingers for which she longed, wooden mittens are undeniably easier to draw. And until one begins to draw, one can have no idea of the number of fingers there are in the world. Not only do people have them, but so do monkeys, and so do toads and efts and chipmunks and fairies, and *how* difficult it is to draw the fingers of creatures as tiny as fairies and efts, but of fairies particularly, because of course they never *will* pose. If they only would, how much more authenic their portraits would be! But then, neither do they stand still long enough for any one to prove the artists wrong! If it requires so much patience to even catch a glimpse of one, you may be sure that no very boisterous person will be able to draw them correctly. So, in a world so full of fingers, I was selfishly delighted that Hitty had only wooden mittens. And ever so pleased, too, with what Rachel Field calls "her little flatiron feet," for toes are notoriously as hard to draw as fingers. I was glad to have her cling, through whatever

perils of fire and water she passed, to her flat-soled, angular and easy-to-draw little black shoes. Even when the savages divested her of all clothing except her muslin chemise, even then she did not have toes.

Hitty

But, if her hands and feet were easy to draw, her face was not. On that space no bigger than a silver quarter had been carved wisdom, humor and poise, — and no features to speak of or to draw. To translate adequately into pen and ink all the character and personality in that blurred and subtle little brown face, was almost more than could be expected of a pen. Fortunately I might look at it as long as I wished. Hitty did not turn her back. Animals do. Cats, dogs, mice and toads, they all hate to be stared at. Only

tidbits will induce them to pose. But the mouse from whom I drew those in the picture of Hitty in the hayloft had most opportunely walked into the trap — a live trap, of course! — when I most needed a mouse and he was far too shy to be tempted by food. He turned his back and washed his face repeatedly from sheer embarrassment. I wanted so badly to let him out that I could hardly draw him. And after he had posed for all the mice in the picture — and it is too bad for one mouse to have to do the work of five — both he and I were unbearably full of fidgets, so I took him far out into the fields and let him go.

Toads look simple to draw. They seem phlegmatic enough. They sit motionless for so long in a garden. But though I camouflaged a bird cage with a floor of moss, I could not cheat a toad into thinking he was in that garden. How quickly a fat toad learns that by turning himself on edge, he can squeeze between narrow bars! And it is astonishing how agilely in a twirling cage he can keep his back turned to any one who prefers to see his front. Only once did this toad face me. He walked deliberately up to my side of the cage, stared at me as if trying to fathom my senseless pestering of him, and without any doubt at all there was exasperation in his golden eye.

So, is it any wonder that as a model I found Hitty a joy? After wiggling, squirming, gliding, flying and hopping animal models, after vanishing non-humans, after restless flowers — and no one who has not painted them knows how active *they* can be — it was peaceful to sit and contemplate Hitty's imperturbably smiling little face. Perhaps it is her hundred odd years which have given her such patience.

HITTY IN THE BOOKSHOP

By Alice Barrett

"ALICE-HEIDI, she's come! She really has! Oh, do look!" Wendy's flyaway hair stood completely on end, and her eyes winked rapidly.

"So she has, — but Wendy, do be quieter about it. After all, she is *Somebody* you know, so do try to remember your manners. She's old — awfully old, and very 'sperienced!"

Two pairs of anxious blue eyes stared through the side windows of "Greenaway House" along the aisle of the balcony to the large center table. Two small noses flattened dangerously on the window glass. The children gave themselves whole-heartedly to gloating.

And who wouldn't gloat over six and a half inches of ash-wood miraculously fashioned into Hitty — Hitty, whose small, pale face eagerly waited the next " 'sperience," whose minute, black-clad feet had touched the far-away, curved shore of India, whose quaint, daintily-made clothes were the creation of Miss Pinch, seamstress to the Van Rensselaers of Washington Square. The four glass walls which held her captive could not leash the vibrancy of her personality, for as you peeped down on her you felt intensely her will to go on living and doing. Hitty was never meant for inaction!

Her appearance at The Bookshop was the signal for boys and girls, mothers and fathers, aunts and uncles, and "just people" to linger over the table admiring with voices and eyes, fingering the pages of her odyssey, speculating about her past and her future. Hitty had become a Public Person. As she sat complacently on her antique bench, her quill pen recently laid down, the ink still moist on the letter she had just finished writing, you could hear the thoughts whirring in her small head, "Yes, I *am* a wonder. I've surprised them once — and *maybe* I'll do it again!"

HELEN COALE CREW

By Lucile Gulliver

IT was evident to the early readers of "Saturday's Children" that there had appeared in the person of Helen Coale Crew an author whose heart reached out with a great mother love to foreign children and whose mind was eager to introduce them to American boys and girls. There, certainly, was an author with an opportunity, with a mission really, for the children of the world were ready to be presented and our children were more ready than ever before to consider them.

A brisk correspondence began between me and Mrs. Crew, wife of Dr. Henry Crew, Professor of Physics at Northwestern University, and the personality which I found dancing behind Mrs. Crew's letters should certainly be shared with her many readers. Her letters revealed a slender, alert, gay-spirited grandmother, who, I believe, has now expressed unconsciously some of her own warm nature in Grandmother Milneff of "Under Two Eagles," yet who was born a Quaker in Baltimore, who attended the Friends' Academy there, and who graduated at Bryn Mawr. From those letters I have culled a brief story of Mrs. Crew's writing life, as quotations give the flavor of Helen Coale Crew as the words of another could not do.

"I became interested in writing when I was about thirty, by reading an account of Mrs. Elia Peattie: how, because of an illness of her husband, it was necessary for her to earn money, and she took to writing. I wondered if I, too, could write at forty (as she did). I told myself that in order to pour out, one must fill up. And so for ten years I had a glorious filling up. I rather marvel that in that ten years I never tried to write, but I didn't. At forty-one I had my first-earned money, a five dollar bill that looked as big as a fortune, for a 'poem.' After that I wrote verse, essays, short stories, plays. I fell headlong into these things, and often came up to the surface again wondering where I was,

what time it was, had we had dinner or not. In 1921 I wrote some stories for children's school readers — no primrose path, that! And then I began writing for children on my own hook, and now wouldn't be hired to go back to adult stuff!

Drawing by Henry Pitz for "Under Two Eagles" (Little, Brown)

"Well, during 1914-1918 my heart ached for the children of Europe, doing so much suffering in their pitiful way and not understanding what it was all about. In 1921 I went abroad with my husband and somehow I was all eyes for the children. It's a terribly hard job, being a child. Of all the countries we visited they were rosy and clean only in Switzerland. In Italy one couldn't walk a block, eating a bunch of grapes, without being surrounded with them. Each has a reason for being preferred to the others and getting the grapes. A small boy so fortunate as to have a sore thumb

with a rag tied about it feels absolutely certain the grapes will fall to him. (They do.)

"In the great train shed of the station at Turin, at eleven o'clock at night, two beautiful little girls stood by some baggage — all alone in that huge, dimly-lighted place. No doubt their parents were buying tickets and would be back soon. But how could *I know?* And even now, eight years later, I still mournfully see those two tiny creatures standing on that deserted platform. I should have been firm with my husband and *stayed* there! Their little shades will always haunt me.

"They're all so beautiful and so pitiful; there are so few, comparatively, who are as well off as *all* our children seem to be. In 1927, on our next (and I fear last) visit to Europe, conditions were better, though in Poland there were little creatures with their small noses flattened on the window-panes of every food shop. One longed for a huge bag of pennies to perform pleasant miracles with. There were places where one longed rather for hot water, soap and towels. The little dirty faces are often so lovely that one *hankers* for the chance to wash 'em. In Athens, for example, where one must choose between a bath and a cup of tea, so great is the water shortage; in Naples, where poverty has made the mothers listless (save when a quarrel is on). When one can stand it no longer, one goes to Switzerland and heals the heartache looking at the little clean and rosy Sweitzers.

" 'The Lost King' arose from a very early interest in Homer — so early, indeed, that I thought the bust of him in the schoolroom was the bust of Jehovah. I would rather re-read the fine prose translation of Homer by Butcher, Leaf, Lang, and Myers than read a whole cart-load of best sellers. The great canvas upon which Homer has painted his pictures is so huge; his telling of his story is so direct and simple. There are as many thrills in the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey' as in any dozen detective stories. Homer has the place of honor in my bookshelves, flanked by 'Theocritus'

and the 'Old Testament' . . . a great trio. Well, yes, Shakespeare used to occupy that place, but he doesn't now. When I have the festival I call a Rearrangement of The Shelf, every book shuffles along either towards the sheep or the goats, but Homer never budges.

"As for 'Alanna,' some of my forbears came from Ireland . . . the Careys and the Skipwiths . . . and when I

Drawing by Henry Pitz for "Under Two Eagles" (Little, Brown)

was born, I found our nursery already inhabited by an ancient old Irish body, Bridget Lally by name (Saints keep her!), and she was there, a valiant and kindly tyrant, until I was eight. I sat by my mother at Quaker Meeting on First Day, but I went with Mammy B to the Cathedral on Fridays and said my prayers on my shoe buttons for want of a rosary, an easy matter, since my shoes stood up in full view of my eyes at the edge of the pew seats. 'Alanna' is meant to be a study in loyalty.

"My interest in Poland began as a child when I read Jane Porter's 'Thaddeus of Warsaw,' and later, reading history, I was all for getting that dismembered country united again. My husband has always been interested in Poland, and it was he who suggested we go there in 1927. We saw the capitals of the three parts, a good bit of the country, and met delightful Polish people, for example, the Librarian of the University Library at Cracow, who showed us the name of Copernicus in the big book of matriculates, and a lot of simple people with whom I had delightful little human contacts, and that wonderful Vistula River!

"Vasily Milneff I love best of all my children-on-paper. I made him do foolish things, and even laugh at himself, just because I was so fond of him and wanted him to be entirely human and faulty. I wrote these three stories on end with very little time between, and my ambition o'ervaulted itself and fell down on t'other side (as Shakespeare has it) and I'm paying the penalty of battered eyes.

"I would cut off my pencil (which is the source of my stories) rather than 'write down' to a child. I respect a child more than I do anything else in the world. He's the one perfect thing, and all his imperfections are the faults of his elders. Books or no books, I never call myself or even think of myself as a *writer* or an *author*. Not I! I just hug myself because I have such a pleasant hobby to keep me out of mischief."

Books by Helen Coale Crew:

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN	*Little, Brown*	2.00
THE TROJAN BOY	*Century*	1.75
THE LOST KING	*Century*	1.75
ALANNA	*Harper*	2.00
UNDER TWO EAGLES	*Little, Brown*	2.00

THE CITY OF A THOUSAND SECRETS

By Eric P. Kelly, *Author of "The Trumpeter of Krakow"*

THERE is no city in the world but has a story to tell. It may be a beauteous and artistic story illuminated by Gothic spires and pointed arches, or it may be a mean and sordid story illustrated by dungeons and walls where gibbets swung. There may come from one city a glorious song that tells of man's achievement and his glory, and there may come from another the sound of chiming bells that mark the hours where scholars and men of good repute interpret and write and teach. Where dome is piled on dome in an exquisite mass of gold and blue and green there may come a cruel voice that recites only horrors, and the beauty of the city be none the worse for those horrors.

Vilno in the 14th Century
The large river is the Vilja. The castle is the fortress of the Grand Duke. The round tower was once the "pulpit" of the chief priest of Perkun, God of Fire.

But there is in Poland a city that has a great secret. The city is Vilno (Polish *Wilno*) and it lies among the hills and forests with the Vilja River, "mother of our streams," flowing brightly and gently beside it. What that secret may be, no man can know in its entirety. It includes in its wide sweep thousands and millions of little secrets and it speaks in most of the tongues known to man. For here in old days the fire-worshipping Lithuanian built his temple, and Gedymin the chief dreamed of the iron wolf. As the Slavs grew strong in the city the whirlpools of a Europe, new-created, and an ancient Asia, swirled about it, filling it in turn with Tartar, Russian, Swede, Prussian, and the men of Ruthenia. And then with fire and sword the hordes swept upon the city and nineteen times its walls and gates echoed the clash of arms and the cries of pillage and plunder. Where Pole and Lithuanian reared palaces, the enemies swept them down.

For years I had known of this city, had read of it, seen maps of it, dreamed of it, and heard stories about it. And I knew it to be the fascinating, mysterious place that I found it. And with that feeling of mystery about the city I had also the consciousness of a mystery in the hearts of the Polish people, a mysterious something which has led them through the most romantic, the most glorious and the most noble path in our civilization and at the same time has carried them far into the depths of sorrow and suffering and pain. That mystery I tried to embody in my book, "The Blacksmith of Vilno."

And so I made it into a symbol which has been at all times the most royal symbol of mankind, — namely a crown. And it came in most handily at this time for there is a missing Polish crown, a crown which enemies have tried to get, a crown which for all I know is hidden in some church vault, — a crown, the secret of which few Polish people know. I took the time when the Polish path ran deepest into the gloom, and I created my scene in the days of 1832, after the unsuccessful revolution against Nicholas,

— days when all to Poles seemed lost, — all save one living quality which they *did* preserve.

And this lost crown of Poland, symbolical of national faith, is a fugitive thing from the moment that Prince Adam leaves Poland for England with a price on his head. It crosses the Vistula in a boat, and is carried by a horseman to Bialystock, and thence secretly to Vilno. But Nicholas

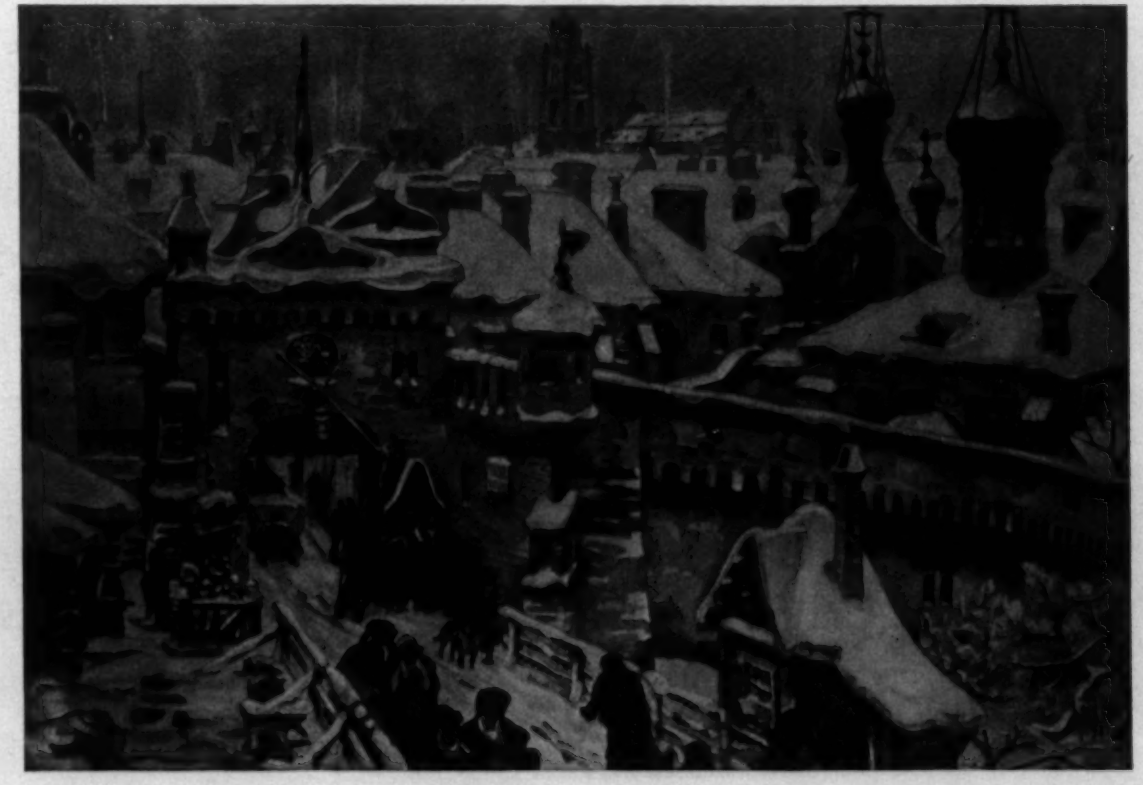
Gate of Ostra Brama Madonna, Vilno
15th Century

himself has been more than eager to obtain this crown, knowing that Poland could never be absolutely conquered unless he did obtain it, and as a consequence threw his regiments about Vilno. At this point the actual story opens, with the scene in a blacksmith shop on the road to Minsk just outside Vilno. From this beginning, with the conspiracies of the Brotherhood to protect the Crown, the scenes in the forest, and the scenes in Vilno and the Bazylian (St. Basil) prison, the story follows an historical sequence.

But it was the mystery of it all that interested me, and I drew upon the great mysteries that surround Vilno, both in the city and forest and the heart of men. The crown is hidden in the old obscure Black City, the dwelling place of the Jews, in the heart of Vilno. It is carried to the gathering place of the ancient Lithuanian fire worshippers, and here again I worked out my history through legend and story and chronicle in the University of Vilno and other places, — for Lithuania was the last pagan nation in Europe and it is said that "household gods" are found in the forest today. I worked up to my epilogue in the book through the course of events, though foreshadowing my course in the prologue. It was Professor Dyboski, my teacher in the University of Krakow, who once said, "Literature saved Poland in the 19th century. It may be called upon to save all Europe in the 20th." And therefore as I carried this crown through this intensive action (it was so intensive to me that I couldn't sleep for weeks afterward) the crown began to reveal itself as another symbol.

It changed to a *Poem*. And it was a poem that saved Poland in its most precarious moment.

That poem was written in 1832, the year of my story. It is known as *Pan Tadeusz*. "And Polish prisoners in Russian dungeons took that poem to their hearts and repeated its lines in their prayers. Polish exiles tossing in ships on all seas of the globe read and re-read the heroic stanzas. In the Siberian mines its words were repeated from man to man when the chains were loosened enough to permit them to speak. Polish mothers in the wilds of Africa or on the plains of South America taught the poem to their children. A lighthouse keeper who had not seen his native land for years received a copy from a passing ship and fell under the spell so greatly that he forgot to refill the beacon lamp with oil. In secret meeting and in hushed assembly, while Cossack police were beating at the doors, men and women and children took their comfort from the lines of the poem and dreamed of the day when it should bring the miracle to pass.



The Spaska Gate, Vilno
16th Century

"There was no Poland, but there was a poem. And the poem proved greater than the three greatest empires of Central Europe. For it strengthened the heart of Polish exiles all over the world, it kept up the courage of all those who saw their land swept by fire and sword. It became a

"Cerkiew"
A White Russian Church in Vilno

Testament to men and women, and its words went up to God from the lips of men shot to death for no greater fault than a love for country.

"States may decline and nations may perish, but the song of the poet lives forever!"

Book References

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PAN TADEUSZ. By Adam Mickiewicz. "The only great epic of the 19th century."—(Brandes). Translated by Prof. G. R. Noyes of the University of California. Ready in April in the Everyman Series. *Dutton*

PREPARING TO MAKE CHILDREN'S BOOKS

By Winifred Howard, Juvenile Editor,
Oxford University Press

WHEN one has grown up amongst books and learned to love them — when one has formed ideals as to what they should be and do, and when one has dreamed dreams and been borne aloft by wild enthusiasms; it brings one to earth with a terrible crash to have to think of them in terms of dollars and cents.

Winifred Howard

The effect of the "crash," however, is quite salutary, if, the stunned feeling having worn off, one finds oneself sitting

up and taking notice in the right kind of Publishing House. For, in the daily routine of an office, one soon learns that good, sound common sense underlies the business side of publishing (along with sympathy and kindliness and not a little humour as well).

Also, if one happens to be in a house like the Oxford University Press, which more often than not, even in this utilitarian age, disregards the money earning value of a book and publishes it for its own sake; then, though one may have to keep one's two feet firmly on the ground, one may, however, very often have one's head, not *in* the clouds, but far above them.

When early in 1928 the Oxford University Press, New York, considered publishing books for boys and girls, there was prejudice against it inside as well as outside the office. Some thought it was beneath the dignity of the Oxford University Press to deal with anything so trivial as children's books! Also they said it would spoil the sale of our other books. Others said that English juvenile books would not sell in America. We have proved *that* to be a false prophecy, at any rate, but we hold the theory that if books are really good they have a universal interest and appeal — and once a certain level has been attained they will be equally acceptable in every quarter of the globe. But all the same it is not our object to publish English books merely. We will certainly take any good ones that our London house offers, but we want to bring out really good American books as well. In proof of this we have three "one hundred per cent American" ones in process of manufacture at the present time. The first of these to appear will be a book of Nature by W. H. Carr of the American Museum of Natural History, New York. It deals with all animals, birds, reptiles, insects, etc., this side of the Mississippi and is a really thrilling book of American Out-of-Doors written by a man who knows his subject and who spends six months of the year in camps with boys and girls. There will be a companion volume next year on trees, flowers, shrubs, soils, rocks, stars, etc.

But to refer back to the first objection that it was beneath our dignity to publish Juveniles! What more important field is there than the Juvenile — for, what more important work is there than training the child and giving him a good mental equipment? Being a long-established firm we hold the old-fashioned (?) idea that it is the influence brought to bear in early life that counts most, and it is the habit formed in early life that clings. What better habit could a person have than that of reading Oxford books? So, if it is a good thing for grown-ups, the sooner they acquire the habit the better ! ! ! If we start in early with the child in the cradle and bring him on through his youthful years it will be the most natural thing in the world for him to graduate from our children's books to the Oxford books for grown-ups. If we wish this to be the happy result, however, we quite realize that the children's books must have the same tone and flavour as those that are more advanced. *That is our aim* and if we can make some little contribution to American juvenile literature, we shall be very happy.

So in spite of "Jeremiahs" we took the plunge, and decided to begin with twelve books on our list. For these we called almost entirely on our London House. That was all right, perhaps, for our first list, but to fulfill our ideal we had to publish American books *here,* in America. Knowledge of book production and manufacture comes very slowly when learnt only in the course of office routine, much too slowly, at any rate, for our purpose — so Mr. Cumberlege, the Head of the Oxford University Press, New York, decided that the best way to gain this knowledge and experience was to go right into the actual printing shops and come face to face with the manufacturing of our books. He advised buying a few books on the subjects of printing and binding and studying them at the same time. So out we went!

My own travels took me first to the Methodist Book Concern at Dobbs Ferry, New York, then to the Plimpton Press, Norwood, Massachusetts, and last, but by no means least, to our own works in Oxford, England. Karl Küp, who was

to be concerned with the manufacturing of our books, went to the Lakeside Press, Chicago, where he studied American Typography under William A. Kittredge.

As only Union men are employed at Dobbs Ferry, no outside person is allowed to handle machines or set type or do any of the thousand and one interesting things that abound in workshops of that kind — but a week or so spent there watching processes day in and day out and seeing the difficulties arise and realizing *why* they arise, gives a person a knowledge and insight into the whole business that cannot possibly be learnt any other way.

The Plimpton Press has an open shop, so there one is allowed to sit at a case and set type and muddle round and enjoy oneself generally by trying things out to one's heart's content. When a person has actually handled type and set it for herself, she has an altogether different point of view when watching a first-class compositor at work, and for one who has to sit at a desk in an office and send out stuff to the printer, it is an ideal training. One becomes at once more considerate, more understanding, and more intelligent in one's orders.

At Oxford, again, they are all Union men, so you may just stand and watch unless the men themselves let you do little things to help. There is so much to see at Oxford that is almost impossible to see elsewhere, such as in the hand-composing room where type is handled for more than ninety languages that have different characters from ours. In that great concern, old and full of tradition, one finds the most modern and up-to-date machinery running alongside the old machines which are still working and earning their keep. Also, along with the most modern monotype machines there is still a room where the Fell Type is cast from the brass matrices that have been in use for 300 years. There is also the room where the wonderful Facsimiles and Colour-Reproductions are made — where art and science are combined to such a degree that one feels a miracle has been wrought before one'e eyes. All the actual mechanics of book pro-

duction — paper, printing, binding, colour work, and all the rest — instead of destroying, only serve to heighten the romance of it all. Having gone through it, watching closely, asking questions, and putting one method over against another, a person comes back to her desk thrilled and not a little awed to think of the time and thought, imagination and ingenuity used to bring out even the simplest book that we handle in such a matter of fact way today.

It is wonderful how everything one ever studied or did can be made to bend in and serve the main stream of one's work in a publishing house. Seemingly trivial incidents in one's childhood — experiences of school and college days — episodes while travelling — friendships formed in various parts of the world among people of different kindred and tongues — all are helpful, each in its turn finds a place in the scheme of things and comes to one's help in time of need.

This has been particularly so in the case of Mr. Küp. Born, bred and educated in Germany, there was inculcated into him from the very beginning the love of law and order. A place for everything and everything in its place!! Systems, files, routine — to the layman they sound so dull — but the wisdom underlying it all is made manifest when one sees the results — how a well-ordered office saves hours of time otherwise wasted in scurryings and searchings, and leaves one free for the vital and more important things in business, and in life generally.

On the other hand, Mr. Küp grew up among beautiful surroundings in a home filled with lovely things; for both his parents had collections of art treasures which they loved and understood. Seeing and handling these treasures from babyhood he grew through boyhood to manhood with a knowledge in these things far beyond his years. Was it any wonder then, that, destined by the tradition of the family for Law, after giving it three months' trial, he should throw it over for the sake of Art? This met with strong disapproval at home, but he was not to be daunted. Journeying to Munich he began his art studies (specializing in the

Gothic period) and earned the money for his courses by acting as guide in showing Americans around the Art Galleries. After taking a degree in the Leipzig University he took an Art Course at the Sorbonne in Paris, studying at the same time the History of book-production in Germany and in France. Thence to the United States; where after three months with Knopf he joined the Oxford University Press. Now Mr. Küp, with a well-ordered mind, cultivated and developed in the realm of art, is turning his attention, for the time being at any rate, to the manufacture of books for the youth of America. He goes forth soon in the interests of the Oxford University Press to glean more knowledge and experience in the fruitful fields of Europe, and will return in the summer even better equipped to carry on the good work.

Work? Yes, it is work, but also let me say, there is no play to compare with it! It is a job full of thrills and excitement, and is the greatest fun in the world!

THE EPIC OF THE DESERT

By Eunice Tietjens, *Author of "The Romance of Antar" and "Boy of the Desert"*

IT had been one of those days, so common in winter, when a faint, a very faint, veil lay between the earth and sky. The sun was there in that tremendous sky, which anywhere you look is always two-thirds of what you see, but he was tempered with mercy. The indefinite pastel shades of the desert, the mauves and tans, the pale lavenders and yellows, were tinged a little with gray, and the small black flies, which are always under foot in the desert, seemed to float more easily and clung less closely to the ground.

As we returned towards evening to the oasis we saw that the market place, which during the middle of the day is always quiet, had come to life again. Men were haggling over the great piles of matted unwashed wool which lay on cloths on the sand, or over the loads of gray and twisted sage-brush brought by the ruminating camels. The little booths of the Senegambians, so black that they looked like holes in space, were doing a thriving business in garters and buttons and incense. And the venders of uninviting cakes, strung on sticks, were moving about crying their wares.

In the corner near the pottery merchants was a new attraction. A dense circle of Arabs squatted or sat, their bodies shapeless in their swaddling bournouses, their faces stolidly intent. And we saw that they were listening to a story-teller.

The man himself was an old man, with two cavernous sockets from which the eyeballs had been removed. His face, lacking their focal point, seemed oddly inexpressive and he hardly gesticulated at all. He was making no appeal to the eye, which he knew not, but concentrated all his powers on the ear, where his own door opened into the outer world. His voice was unexpectedly deep and modulated and free, and came with a curious effect of passion from his almost expressionless face. Across his knee was

a primitive stringed instrument on which he now and then played a strain.

Beside him sat a young man, hardly more than a boy, holding in his hand a pottery drum on which he beat from

Drawing by Samuel Glanckoff for "The Romance of Antar"
(Coward, McCann)

time to time as though for emphasis. Occasionally, also, the old man would stop reciting and the young man would take up the tale in song, in the high-pitched nasal way in which Arabs sing. The tune sounded to our ears more like

a formal recitative than a set song, although it was plain that the words were in a regular meter.

When the young man saw that we had stopped and were listening his face clouded with displeasure, though he did not stop singing, and when we added the insult of a camera, positive hostility shone in his eyes. We thought it best not to linger too long.

Later inquiry elicited the information that the old man was an "Antari," a professional story-teller who limits himself to telling the stories from "The Romance of Antar." But beyond hearing that this romance was "a famous old Arab story" we learned nothing more at the time.

The second time I heard it recited was under different circumstances. We were living at Sidi-Bou-Saïd, the cliff-lined rim of ancient Carthage in northern Tunisia, and we had gone a few miles to La Marsa, the small town where the old and fragile puppet Bey of Tunis lives with his court in summer time. Here at an open-air café sat another pair of Anatira (these Arabic plurals!) and this time, seeing that we were not French but "English" and plainly understood nothing, they paid no attention to us after the first glance, and we were allowed to sit quietly and listen.

The audience in this settled and sophisticated spot took the matter somewhat differently. We noticed that all the old men were listening with the same absorbed interest we had seen among the rougher nomads of the desert, but the younger bloods either were not listening at all, or gave it but slight attention. Evidently Tunis is no exception to the general rule in the world today that interest in the old days of heroism is on the wane where the newer interests of our Western civilization are in too strong evidence. A pity, too! But we saw also that the boys followed the tale with the same passionate enthusiasm which awakening youth accords always to simple greatness.

We learned later that the French government, while it does not actually forbid the telling of the story of Antar, discourages it wherever possible. The reason is rather curi-

ous and has nothing to do with the story itself. It seems that in the course of the endless romance — the original has from thirty-five to forty-five "volumes," according to the recension — there are certain sections which deal with the pre-Mohammedan politics. Into these scenes the Anatira frequently inject a considerable amount of anti-foreign propaganda, disguising it in the ancient colors and in such complicated language that the French can hardly put their fingers on it, though they are certain it exists. In the purely Arabian countries of course this check does not exist.

The old story-teller at La Marsa also was blind, though his eyeballs had not been removed, and we saw that at moments tears coursed from his sightless eyes and rolled over his weather-beaten cheeks. When I remarked upon this I learned for the first time what I had opportunity later to experience, that almost all professional story-tellers in Mohammedan countries are blind, and those most in demand are old. The reason for this is obvious when one thinks a moment. It is so that they may be admitted to the homes, the *harems,* where the women are incarcerated. Being blind these reciters cannot see the beauty of the hidden women, and being old they are hardly counted as men. So at moments of festival, at weddings and christenings, these Anatira recite to the women. They choose at these moments the more romantic love portions of the tale, and the women listen with passionate interest, for Western civilization has made almost no progress among them.

The profession of the Anatira is an old one, having sprung up centuries ago, probably not so very long after the death of the great Arabian poet and warrior, Antarah ibn Shaddad, who is its principal hero. It must be admitted, however, that the historical Antarah, who lived at the end of the sixth century, before the days of Mohammed, has not much in common with the hero Antar of the romance. During the two or three centuries before the romance reached anything like its final form, legend had been busy with his name and had attributed to him all the great deeds of valor of his con-

temporaries, and many deeds which were pure invention. A whole nation in fact had been busy with his story, embroidering and embellishing it till the whole has that immense fertility of invention and incident which is characteristic of great epics in all primitive peoples. No one man could possibly have written the romance. It is far too great for that.

One man, however, or perhaps more than one man since there are several recensions, did almost certainly gather together the many legends which had sprung up and set them down in some sort of coherent order. Who this man was is problematical, though it is perhaps most commonly supposed to have been al-Asmai, the great philologist who flourished at the court of Harun-al-Rashid. The Arabian scholars often scorn the idea that al-Asmai would have bothered with anything so unscholarly and popular as the *Siratu Antar*, as it is called in Arabic. But professional scholars are all too often rather narrow in outlook, and it must be remembered that only in fairly recent times have they taken up with any seriousness, even in the West, the study of the folk values in literature. Possibly al-Asmai was only several centuries before his time.

Certain it is that the "Romance of Antar," in spite of anachronisms and repetitions, is a truly great epic story, broad, vivid and authentic, with a sense of drama seldom equalled and a simplicity and nobility which is truly admirable. Written in alternate prose and verse, it ranks with the stories of Achilles, Samson, and Roland, which it resembles in some ways. The account of Antar's death has certainly never been surpassed in simple majesty. Recently, re-reading the tales of the great Spanish hero el Cid, I was struck by the fact that the final incident, where el Cid, dead, rides his horse through the streets, can only be an echo of the death of Antar, brought to Spain by its Moorish conquerors.

In Europe, and especially in France, the "Romance of Antar" has been much acclaimed. Several versions exist in

abbreviated form, and scholars have been loud in its praise. Caussin de Parceval, von Hammer, Thorbecke and others have worked with it. A grand opera has been made from it. Lamartine said of it: "Antar, by its instinct, its customs and its poetry, is often equal to the master works of Homer, Virgil and Tasso." And the caustic Renan waxed eloquent over it in these words: "I do not know whether there is in the whole history of civilization a picture more gracious, more lovable, more animated than that of the life of the Arabs before Islam, as it appears in this admirable story of Antar. Unlimited liberty for the individual, complete absence of law and power, exalted sentiment, life nomadic and chivalresque, fantasy, gaiety, malice, poetry, refinement of love — such are its elements."

In English there has existed until today only a literal translation of the first few volumes of it made by Terrick Hamilton, who was attached to the embassy at Constantinople, and published in 1819. To this Mr. Hamilton added many years later the story of the hero's death.

Drawing by Samuel Glanckoff for "The Romance of Antar"
(Coward, McCann)

THE ROMANCE OF ANTAR. By Eunice Tietjens. Illustrated by Samuel Glanckoff. *Coward, McCann* 2.50

LONG ISLAND'S STORY — WHY NOT OTHER REGIONAL BOOKS?

By Bertha E. Mahony

WHEN a child says to his mother, "Tell me about when you were a little girl," that is the beginning of history for him. Back he goes with his mother and father and his grandparents, if he is so fortunate as to have them living, in the very livest study of history. His geography, both physical and political, begins in his door-yard, and the beginnings of science are throughout and about his house. What romance surrounds the kitchen stove for a small child, and upon what an adventurous trail it leads out and away if his grown-ups have the knowledge and wisdom demanded.

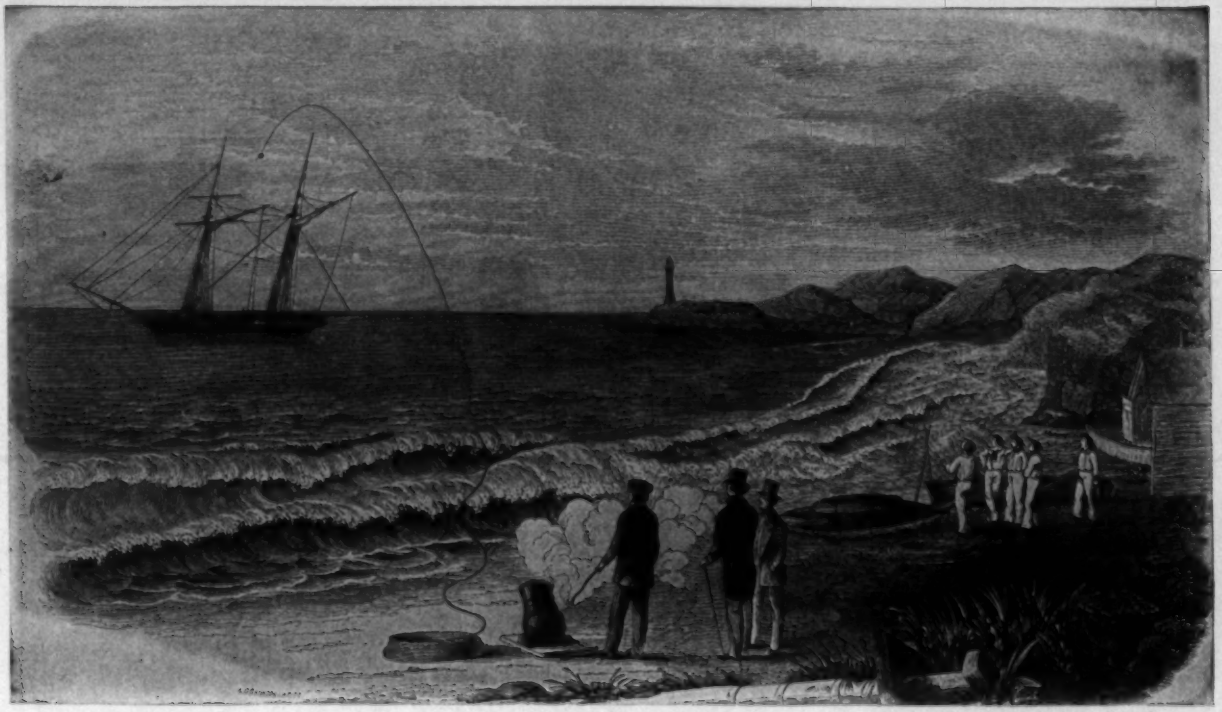
But suppose they have not. Then is not this the beginning for natural rational education in school? Spelling and arithmetic come in logically soon enough as a part of the romantic process of exploring this world, — so new and full of wonder and mystery to every normally intelligent child.

My childhood home was a lovely seaport town of the original Massachusetts Bay Colony. Champlain made a landing there in 1605 and had friendly converse with the Indians. There are signs, too, that it was a summer fishing post for English sailors before ever the fishermen and farmers sent out by the Dorchester Company arrived in 1623. Here was the beginning of the first and oldest industry in the Colony, continued uninterrupted to this day. Captain Myles Standish contended with Captain Hewes over the region in 1625 and Governor Roger Conant arbitrated the difficulty and prevented bloodshed.

Among the dignified white New England houses was a most interesting house of an early period to which Salem sons are said to have brought their mother to save her from witchcraft persecution. The Congregational Church owns a cannon ball sent into it by a British ship from the bay during the War of 1812. In the midst of a beautiful area of wild,

From "Long Island's Story"

Through the courtesy of Doubleday, Doran



Walter R. Jones and Lambert Suydam witnessing the first experiment made by Captain Ottinger, U. S. Revenue Cutter Service, for throwing a line and sending the "Life Car" to a stranded vessel off the south shore of Long Island, April 1849.

boulder-strewn downs with dark, sentinel cedars, a region four miles square in the interior of Cape Ann, is a deserted village dating back over a hundred years. Woods of beech, pine, hemlock, birches and oak surround and indent the town and there are wild flowers galore in their season. The entire Cape, too, is geologically dramatic with glacial doings writ so large and plain that children could easily read the wonder and romance with some little introduction and help.

Not a word of any of this ever came into one of the school rooms I sat in, and wide-eyed questions about Indians and other days brought nothing upon which to build one's interest. It would, I feel sure, be the same with children in the same town today. And this particular town would be typical of the majority.

But isn't it stupid? Would not a natural process of education which was based upon a complete knowledge of the section of earth one trod lead naturally to interested, vital citizenship and intelligent politics? The study of the reasonably combined subjects — science, geography and history — would at the proper time and as an integral part include the subject which now rests so heavily and dully on some high school freshmen — Civics. Only, this subject would, under the new way, be full of life and living for it would be concerned with the child's own town and people in it, spreading away as everything else had spread away into his country.

I know that certain private schools in England and America have been and are pursuing some such natural and reasonable basis of elementary education, but thousands of schools are not. For sometime yet methodology and old ways will have large city school systems in grip, but towns and small cities can be as free and forward moving as they choose.

Such a vital change of study will necessitate many new regional books, but the preparation of these books will be fascinating, indeed! Think of a series of picture books for the smallest children which might be made for Cape Ann. One might be a picture book of the sea, with the fishing boats,

stone barges, occasional sloops and schooners, the ocean steamship and navy craft of today, moving back into the water ways of earlier times. Another picture book might be concerned entirely with the fishing industry. Another with Cape Ann's earth story, including the stone industry going on there. I use Cape Ann merely as an example. The same thing is true everywhere. Gorgeous books could be made for Detroit.

After the picture books would follow simple regional story books, with the local history fitted into its proper place in national and world history. Mr. Irving B. Crosby might write for other sections the kind of brilliantly clear and vivid earth's story he has made in "Boston Through the Ages" (Marshall Jones, $2.00), a history of the land and water where the city rests, traced through marks of flowing lavas, melting ice, earthquakes, and floods.

Jacqueline Overton's "Long Island's Story" is modern in the best sense of the word and should prove a stimulating and suggestive pioneer in opening up the way for more books of like nature for other localities or counties. This book covers every phase of Long Island's present and past life, in short, vivid and not too exhaustively inclusive chapters.

Miss Overton has been librarian of the beautiful Robert Bacon Memorial Library for Children at Westbury, Long Island, ever since Mrs. Bacon built and opened it about ten years ago. In response to children's questions, — just the kind of questions children ask everywhere, — Miss Overton set to work, gathered slowly and with delight the material and made this book.

As it happens, "Long Island's Story" has more than local interest. Many books about the American Revolution are full of references to the British camps, sports and life on Long Island. Brooklyn Bridge is known by name at least to practically every American boy and girl and the fine chapter on the engineers, Roebling father and son, who gave their lives to the making of the Bridge, is of universal interest. Here, too, is an interesting fresh reading of the famous turret ship, the *Monitor*.

Great airplane ports and wireless stations famous throughout the world are on Long Island. Pirates and smugglers, between 1685 and 1754, added their violent and picturesquely evil doings to its history. The Island was important, too, in the whaling industry in the great days of Nantucket and New Bedford.

Along with its special, vivid contribution to the children of that island which lies "like a huge fish with its blunt head at New York Bay," may it perform a profound service to the cultural life of boys and girls everywhere in America by urging those with equal skill to do for many places what Miss Overton has done for one.

INDEX TO THE HORN BOOK

At last the Horn Book has been indexed by a member of the H. W. Wilson Company's staff from Volume I, Number 1 through Volume V, Number 4 (November, 1929). The Index may be had on payment of twenty-five cents.

Hereafter the November issue of the magazine will contain the year's index.

THE TRAIL AND LEGEND PRIZE—$50

A CHALLENGE TO BOYS AND GIRLS EVERYWHERE AND ESPECIALLY TO BOY SCOUTS AND GIRL SCOUTS

What do you know of interest about the place in which you live?
Are there any legends of the past?
Have any historical personages or happenings enriched it?
Has it any characteristic industry or occupation?
What of its natural beauty?
Do you know of any unusual earth formations in your locality? What of its birds and flowers?

These are a few questions set down to prepare you for the nature of the contest.

The Horn Book will give fifty dollars ($50.00) to the boy or girl seventeen or under who sends in the most carefully prepared and the most interesting document on the country within walking radius of his home.* It might well be entitled "A Guide to My Home Town — (the name)" if a no more original title can be supplied. We should like it to have at least one picture map showing trails and particular places of interest, and it may have photographs or other illustrative matter, but most important of all it must be presented in a well-arranged, well-expressed, narrative, including such place legends and bits of history as are possible. The narrative must not be shorter than 1,000 words (4 pages of 8 x 11 typewriting paper) nor longer than 5,000 words (20 pages). It is permissible to work upon this in groups, the whole to be submitted under Club or Troop name with a listing of its members. The material must be submitted before January 1, 1931. The prize will not be awarded if none of the entries is worthy in the opinion of the editors of the Horn Book.

Material worthy of honorable mention if used in The Horn Book or in any other way will be paid for after consultation with the author. All other material will be returned if stamped return envelope is provided.

*This distance is purely arbitrary and is stated to give the idea that the territory should not be too extensive. It may be your town as a whole or any section of your region.

FALCONS OF FRANCE

Reviewed by HUBERT V. CORYELL

FALCONS OF FRANCE, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, is the real thing in flying stories, and the real thing in war stories. Only men who had flown and fought in the World War over the battlefields of Verdun, the Argonne, Château Thierry, etc., could have written the book; for only such could know so many intimate detailed facts about war and aviation; and only such could tell so clearly what was in the mind and heart of the fighting flier in those terrible years of 1917 and 1918. The two men who wrote this story were indeed war aviators in France — pursuit pilots in the Lafayette Flying Corps. They went through it all. They know what they are talking about; and they know how to talk, simply, modestly, but graphically.

We follow the hero-narrator — a composite, one can't help suspecting, of the two authors themselves — through his enlistment, his training, and his fighting. With him we meet his friends. We know them briefly, but always as distinct individuals, and real human beings. We like to hear him praise them. We thrill with him over their skill. We puzzle with him over their idiosyncrasies. We find our throats tightening with his when they are shot down. We love the gallant and generous Nungesser and Lufberry, who help him out of his first fighting difficulties with easy but consummate skill, and then disclaim all credit. We gasp with him over Tommy Slater, that born flier, who never makes a mistake, and who, according to his friends, "assassinates" rather than attacks Boche fliers — Tommy, the silent, the uncommunicative, who sleeps eighteen hours a day when he can, who sings "Stille Nacht" on Christmas Eve with a voice like an angel, but goes out early Christmas morning and shoots down the only German flier on the front.

We share with the narrator his own sensations during training and during battle. We become good sports with

now you may own the most popular books by your favorite authors for $1 each

HOWARD PEASE

THE TATTOOED MAN. Who was the mysterious cook on the tramp freighter *Araby?*

ETHEL COOK ELIOT

WAUL & DYKE, INC. A bracelet of diamonds and emeralds disappeared—and upset a house party.

STOREY MANOR. What happened when Anna Mary went calling and disappeared.

CAROLINE DALE SNEDEKER

THE PERILOUS SEAT. Theria rebelled against the traditions of ancient Greece.

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

DANIEL BOONE, WILDERNESS SCOUT. Indian wars and wilderness adventures with the great frontiersman.

RUDYARD KIPLING

LAND AND SEA TALES FOR SCOUT AND SCOUTMASTERS. Stalky and Beetle and other famous characters.

THEODORE A. HARPER AND WINIFRED HARPER

SIBERIAN GOLD. Adventures in the Amur River gold fields in Siberia.

ELIZABETH JANET GRAY

MEREDITHS' ANN. Springtime adventure and mystery in the New Hampshire woods.

JAMES B. HENDRY

CONNIE MORGAN HITS THE TRAIL. Alaskan mining adventures with Connie and Waesche Bill.

EDITH BISHOP SHERMAN

MISTRESS MADCAP. Merry Mehitable earned her nickname during the Revolution.

FORRESTINE C. HOOKER

PRINCE JAN-ST. BERNARD. A dog lives up to his heroic ancestors.

STAR: THE STORY OF AN INDIAN PONY. Star's part in the last of the southwest Indian wars.

SONIA LUSTIG

ROSES OF THE WINDS. A lively Russian family fifty years ago.

REED FULTON

THE POWDER DOCK MYSTERY. Who was the elusive man in the fish mask?

COL. WILLIAM A. BISHOP and MAJOR R. STUART-WORTLEY

THE FLYING SQUAD. Two boys learn to fly to solve a sinister mystery.

CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDAN

TUCKAWAY HOUSE. Seven lively girls in one small house.

AMERICAN BOY STORIES

Exciting stories by your favorite authors selected from the *American Boy* Magazine.

LORETTA ELLEN BRADY

LOYAL AND MARY LOUISE. Her name was a description.

MARY DICKERSON DONAHEY

MARTY LU. Four orphans in an old brick farm house.

MARION AMES TAGGART

THE LITTLE GREY HOUSE. Gay days and sad ones there.

These are books that sold formerly for $1.75 and $2.00. They were chosen from the entire Junior Book list because of their wide popularity with girls and boys everywhere. Now for the first time they are offered in this handsome new WINDMILL edition. They are great books to read—beautiful books to own.

Junior Books

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN *Garden City, N.Y.*

him when he admits the superior skill of an enemy pilot, or pays tribute to the invaluable help of a friend. We hop with him on the tail of a Boche plane, and dive, zoom, loop, side-slip, barrel roll, and do Immelmans. We glue our eyes to the sights of his machine gun with him and grow tense in trying to manœuver his plane so as to bring the enemy in line with those sights. We grip the machine gun trigger and watch the tracer bullets with each burst of firing, to see how nearly correct the aim has been. We share his chagrin when he misses. We hear the deadly rattling of the enemy's bullets on his plane with an inward prayer that they don't reach us, and a gritting of the teeth to go on with the job anyway. We feel the smash of his windshield and duck the fragments as they fly past his face — wondering why we don't actually feel the sting of the cutting splinters. We feel his exasperation when the machine gun jams; and with him we work to clear it with the little wooden mallet that he carries for the purpose. We experience his thrill when the enemy plane at last goes streaking earthward in flames. Or we hold our breath desperately when he himself goes plunging downward with a bullet in his shoulder or an unexploded shell in the vitals of his engine.

We are delighted to find out that the war aviators were really just what we had imagined them — romantic knights of the air, brave, resourceful, generous, chivalrous, but peculiarly human all the time. To them the war was single combat, one man's skill against another man's skill, a soaring battle in the sky. Death when it came was glorious — if death ever can be. War itself seems to us like a great game, until circumstances throw us with the hero among the ground fighters in the trenches, the communicating lines, the hospitals, and we see the horrible mass-butchery side of war, the filth, the numb weariness of body and soul, the misery of the refugees, the sufferings of the maimed and shattered. Then we come to hate it as intensely as the hero did, and to wish with him that every legislator, diplomat, and government official of every nation could see those same scenes, so that war might indeed be outlawed forever.

Hours of pleasure in these Coward-McCann books

A fine historical romance of the Scottish Highlands

THE FLIGHT OF THE HERON

By D. K. BROSTER A stirring tale of love and friendship during the unsuccessful attempt of Bonnie Prince Charlie to regain the Scotch throne. End papers, maps and black and white illustrations by Helene Carter. **$2.50**

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By LOUISE PRICE BELL Contains over 50 recipes for cookies, desserts, drinks, vegetables, meat, fish, etc. Profusely illustrated. Hand-lettered by Gordon Marvel. **$1.50**

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By WILLIAM NICHOLSON The Creator of "Clever Bill" is with us again, bringing the Pirate Twins, black as coal, bright as pennies, the two most amazing characters since "Winnie the Pooh." 32 full-colored illus. **$1.50**

COWARD-McCANN · · NEW YORK

It is really a great story that every red-blooded human being, boy or girl, man or woman, would enjoy and benefit by. It is without plot in the ordinary fictional sense; but it is true, simple, vivid, and fascinating. Not a word is wasted in flowery description or maudlin sentimentalism. But not a vital detail is left out; and no important thought or emotion of the hero or his friends goes untold. The hero is rather an average young man, who goes as thousands of other average young men did to fight for his country. He trains and he fights. That is all. But he tells about it so that we can see him doing it, and see his friends the aviators doing it. Flying is something that we have always wanted to do. Fighting is something that we have always itched to take part in — with safety. When we read "Falcons of France," we have both these desires granted at once.

FALCONS OF FRANCE. By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. *Little, Brown* 2.50

FLIGHTS AND FIGHTS IN FRANCE

BY HUBERT V. CORYELL, JR.

Along with Mr. Coryell's review of "Falcons of France" came this review by his son, a young man of 17.

FALCONS OF FRANCE is the story of a boy who comes from his California ranch, to join the Escadrille Lafayette at the time of the World War, and fight in the French air service, being too young to join on the American side. On the way across he meets another American lad on the same errand, with whom he becomes a fast friend. We follow these two from the time they start their training, until they reach the front and begin the serious work of fighting. They make friends all along the way, at the various stages of their advancement, and although these friends are not pictured very clearly or decisively, they help to add to the pleasing local color of the story.

Dutton Books have won the hearts of grown-ups and children alike. Up to this year two out of the last three Newbery Medals have been awarded Dutton Books, ***and five out of ten national juvenile best sellers are Dutton Books!***

THE SNOW QUEEN

Illustrated by KATHERINE BEVERLY AND ELIZABETH ELLENDER

Never perhaps has Hans Christian Andersen been realized in words as well as pictures. Here, however, with breath-taking beauty, the artists have produced the Snow Queen's mad and exciting adventures as nobody has done before them. **$2.50** Limited edition of 200 copies signed by both artists. **$10.00**

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Another delightful book for little children —this time in verse. It incorporates everything from toothbrushes to stars. **$2.50**

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By GERTRUDE CROWNFIELD

Illustrated by GEORGE RICHARDS

A sequel to *Allison Blair.* A very exciting tale for children of twelve and over. **$2.00**

THE SHORES OF ADVENTURE

By EVERETT MCNEIL

Read the stirring adventures of Yuon the Brave, with a sword arm so skilled as to hint of magic! For children of twelve and over. **$2.00**

THE BUCCANEERS' LOG

By C. M. BENNETT

Author of *Pedro of the Black Death*

Concerning those marauders of the sea, a source of never failing interest to boys and girls. Illustrated. **$2.00**

GINEVRA

By VIRGINIA WATSON

(Ages 8 and over—also grown-ups)

A tale of the daughter of a Florentine nobleman who escapes to America. Beautifully illustrated. **$2.50**

A BUSY DAY

By BEATRICE TOBIAS

(For children under five)

Verse and illustration exceedingly attractive and fascinating to the very young children. **$2.00**

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Willy Pogany's Alice in Wonderland	**$2.00**
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E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC.

But as a matter of fact, all other aspects of the book are dwarfed in the presence of its main feature. Namely, the fighting in airplanes over the front lines; the individual battles, as witnessed or as experienced; the group fights; the ambushes and the patrols; and the daily life at the flying field. All this constitutes the chief charm of the book, the rest is secondary.

This book is truly the "All Quiet" of the air. It portrays with incomparable skill and vividness the life of a war pilot over in France, in those awful days between 1917 and 1919. Even if you do not get to know any one character very well, you do get to know a flying unit as you have never known one before. The characters are quite without individuality, but if one takes their purpose for what it really is — that of being puppets on a stage — their passiveness is an advantage, as it does not detract from the chief aim of the book, which is to give a clear picture of the flying of the Great War, by distracting the reader's attention.

Aside from the fictional characters of the book, the reader meets such well-known men as Lufberry, Thaw, Chapman, and Nungesser, who add to the vividness of the whole picture. As a matter of fact, it is really hard to call this a fiction story, although it is in truth fiction, because everything that happened in this story really did happen somewhere at the front, and was happening all the time. The two authors themselves, Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, were air pilots in the Escadrille Lafayette, and have probably put into their book many of their own adventures, just as they happened.

Being a boy myself, after reading this book, I had a strong feeling that if there was ever another war, I should go into aviation. But not only does the book show the romance and adventure of war, it also shows the horrors of the wounded in the hospitals, and the frequent sadness at the loss of a close friend within one short hour. It shows the awful strain put on the flyers toward the end. How suddenly the bravest would lose his nerve, how men would

THE EARTH for SAM

W. Maxwell Reed

From the beginning of life to the beginning of history,— the story of Mountains, Rivers, Dinosaurs and Men.

Maxwell Reed, formerly assistant professor of practical astronomy at Princeton wrote this book for nine-year-old Sam Reed, thus adding proof to the fact that most of the great children's classics were written for a particular child. The 200 photographs with their titles make a connected account which can be read separately and there are also countless lively drawings by Karl Moseley.

Here is a children's book which will be bought and read with avidity by everyone between 8 and 80. $3.50

A Junior Literary Guild Selection

"I wish that Big Boy would hurry up and become extinct!"

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY
Publishers, New York

scarcely eat or sleep, such was their nervous condition with danger pending from all sides. And last of all the utter relief and joy that the boys felt when it rained. Rain meant no flying. In other words, whereas you do not get to know or love any one character in this book, you do acquire a marked warmness in your heart for the air force in general, and the Escadrille Lafayette in particular.

The action is very strong all through the story, and yet without slackening up in the least, the reader is presented with the most interesting information about airplanes, pilots, mechanics, and life in the quarters of the men. The book is extremely easy to read. The style is simple and direct, and yet very expressive. And there is a certain amount of mild but delightful humor in it. Not only that, but you are moving along all the time, doing something some place. The hero is everywhere, from three miles in the air to a prison camp. Or in the hospital shaking hands with Nungesser and Lufberry. German prison camps and the Germans generally, are treated with as much impartiality as if they were just more puppets on the stage. As for suspense, the whole tale sounds so true that it seldom admits of any false working up of the emotions. But of course the truth has its dramatic moments, and so has this — may I add — and how!

A book of universal appeal is "Falcons of France," one that could be read with keen enjoyment by young or old. A first-class book.

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS

The time for receiving plays and pageants with New England historical settings has been extended to May 1, 1930.

PRIZE WINNERS

ALL OF THEM

THE ADVENTURES OF GALLEY JACK

by VIOLET MAXWELL *and* HELEN HILL

Selected by the Children's Book Club as one of their monthly selections for younger boys and girls. This little volume tells of Galley Jack (ship's cat to the Susan P. Meservey) and his many delightful adventures both at sea and with some brownies when the ship puts into port. Illustrated. **$1.00**

LEGENDS OF THE SEVEN SEAS

by MARGARET EVANS PRICE

The Children's Book Club also selected this delightful volume on folk lore for younger boys and girls. Here for the first time collected in one volume are representative legends of the seafaring nations of the world—strange, weird, beautiful, these stories teem with fancy and whimsy. Illustrated. **$2.50**

THE DAUGHTER OF THE SEINE

by JEANETTE EATON

This charmingly written biography of the life of Madame Roland was the choice of the Junior Literary Guild for the teen age girl. A romantic, moving human document and a scholarly presentation of the whole scene of the French Revolution. Illustrated. **$2.50**

CARMELLA COMMANDS

by WALTER S. BALL

The winner in the Harper-American Girl Contest for the best book for girls and the choice of the Children's Book Club for the teen age girl. A modern handling of a vital American problem—the problem of foreign-born parents who speak another language and the younger generation who are growing up as young Americans. Illustrated. **$2.00**

RED COATS AND BLUE

by HARRIETTE R. CAMPBELL

This vivid picture of the American War of Independence has been chosen by the Junior Literary Guild as their March book for teen age girls. A vital and interesting picture of the two sides presented without prejudice to either. Adventure, romance and a background of the life which gives a new slant on the period. Illustrated. **$2.00**

HARPER & BROTHERS

PUBLISHERS **NEW YORK**

THE READING CONTEST

THE November Horn Book was so late in making its appearance that we have not yet received enough booknotes to have a selection made to be printed in this number as we had planned.

We have, however, heard from eleven who are willing to serve on the Committee for 1930, and we are printing here their letters of acceptance. We still hope to hear from the last one. (It is not too late, Elsie Cooper.)*

* * *

I am writing to let you know that I shall be glad to act as judge in selecting the book reports to be printed in the August issue. I will be able to enter the contest more actively this year and send a large number of reports. As judge, I shall do my best to do good work in the selection of the better notes. My age is thirteen and a half.

Please accept my apologies for this delayed communication, which was unavoidable.

JOHN C. SCHAEFER, JR.,
New York City.

Yesterday I received a Horn Book and in it I saw that I was chosen as one of the "Big Twelve." In the book I read that all children who are going to be judges should write in before December 1. I was late in knowing the facts, but I hope it is all right to be in now. If so, I will gladly serve.

MARIE EHRHARDT,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

I am very pleased to be asked to serve on the "Big Twelve." I will be delighted. I did not answer you sooner as I was waiting for the Horn Book, which gave me the details. I was surprised and glad to see my name on the list of Honorary Mention. Are the four people who work together going to compare notes or meet? I should like to know the persons with whom I am going to work. Especially Harriet Vernon, who has done so nicely. I think that it's going to be great fun, having a hand in judging booknotes. I will try to do well.

ESTHER SCHELL,
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

* Just as the Horn Book's forms were closing, Esther Kabac's letter of acceptance was received but too late to print.

SALLY IN HER FUR COAT

Eliza Orne White

"The charm and distinction of this book lies in the simple telling of a pleasant tale about friendly animals." *Saturday Review.* Illustrated, $1.75.

THE PUEBLO GIRL

Cornelia James Cannon

"Not only a fascinating story full of human interest, but it gives information about a most interesting people." *Saturday Review.* Illustrated, $2.00.

SUSANNA AND TRISTRAM

by Marjorie Hill Allee

"A vigorous story, written about an episode of our history (the Underground Railway) seldom touched by writers for boys and girls. There is a ripeness to this book that shows the author's love for the subject and the people she has created, many of whom actually lived." *N. Y. Herald Tribune.* Illustrated by Hattie Longstreet.

Price, $2.00.

GORDON IN THE GREAT WOODS

Sara Cone Bryant

"The author of the Gordon stories describes the doings of Gordon off for a vacation . . . entertaining . . . packed with information." *N. Y. Telegram.*

Illustrated, $1.25.

PRINCE OF THE PALE MOUNTAINS

by Anne D. Kyle

The story of Peter, a wartime refugee, whose search for his lost identity takes him to the Pale Mountains, that strange and lovely region of the Dolomites.

Illustrated, $2.00.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

Indeed I shall be delighted to serve on the "Big Twelve" committee, and I appreciate the trust that is placed in me when you are willing to accept my opinion of a booknote. You may be sure that I will do my very best in the judging.

I should like to know what points you think should be considered in judging booknotes. Of course, I know that the ideas presented, the choice of the book, the style or manner of presentation, technical points such as grammar, spelling, or sentence structure, choice of words, neatness, age, and school grade are very important, but I should also like to know what you consider the essential points.

I have had some experience in judging, as a member of our school magazine staff, and occasionally I have marked papers for my English teachers, but judging booknotes will be an entirely new experience for me. I am confident that I shall enjoy doing it, and I am looking forward to it with eagerness. It will require an open mind, for I believe every book has a special meaning for each of its readers, and I know it will be a delightfully "bookish" adventure!

HARRIET VERNON,
Baltimore, Maryland.

As I received my Horn Book later than I expected, I did not write sooner. I understand that I am to be one of the four to judge the two best booknotes written for awards, of those sent to me. I will be very glad to serve on the committee. Four who also are on the committee have started writing booknotes under the supervision of Miss Richardson in Public School 46, and one of honorary mention, Louis Vorzimer. I will try to the best of my ability to judge those booknotes sent.

EVELYN SAFIER,
New York City.

I should be most happy to coöperate in fulfilling the Horn Book's new plan. I feel very enthusiastic and interested in my undertaking of the Horn Book.

ALICE S. HENDRICK,
Nashville, Tennessee.

My Horn Book came yesterday, at last. I think your plan is very good and I would like very much to have a part in it. I think it will be lots of fun to look over the children's booknotes and to make decisions. Please write me.

Should the "Big Twelve" keep on sending in their notes?

EMILY R. CLAPP,
Rochester, New York.

BORZOI SPRING BOOKS
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

LUCIAN GOES A-VOYAGING

retold from the Greek
by Agnes Carr Vaughan,
illustrated by Harrie Wood.

An adaptation from the Greek of a tale called Lucian's *True History*, which was written by Lucian himself nearly two thousand years ago. Since then people of every race have chuckled over the amazing adventures he describes. Neither Swift nor Gulliver nor Baron Munchausen have equalled the imagination of Lucian. Miss Vaughan teaches Greek at Smith College and has wanted for years to adapt the story for boys and girls. $2.00

A PICTURE BOOK OF A BIG CITY

told and illustrated
by Madeleine Bunzel.

This is a picture book made for a little girl who loves all the sights and sounds of a big city. First we see houses, wide streets and narrow streets, fire engines, peanut wagons, hurdy-gurdies, merry-go-rounds, parks, the zoo, trains and ferry-boats, in fact, everything that would interest a child in a big city. $1.25

UNDER THE PIG-NUT TREE

told and drawn
by Berta *and* Elmer Hader.

One evening in spring a little elf started out to find adventure. He rode on a grasshopper's back down to the Kingfisher's nest, and learned many things he never knew before. This is a nature story for very little children by these well-loved and favorite artists. Illustrated entirely in color. $1.25

ALFRED A. KNOPF · 730 Fifth Ave. · N. Y.

BORZOI BOOKS

I had your letter about something you wished me to do in connection with the Horn Book, and I am very interested to know what it can be. I have not, however, received my copy of the Horn Book yet. If they have all been sent, and mine has been lost in the mail, I should be glad to pay you for another copy, which I hope under these circumstances you will send me.

HELEN BONNELL,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

We have taken this as an acceptance and hope very much that it was meant as one.

By my Horn Book I received today I see I am one of the chosen "Big Twelve!" I was very much pleased and will gladly accept my appointment. I understand that I am to receive particulars as to my duties as one of the committee.

ROBERT N. MANNING,
Plainville, Connecticut.

I am very sorry to have delayed in my answer to your letter, but I did not know what it was all about. I received the "Horn Book" this morning, and I see now that you expect an answer from me.

You can be assured that I will do all I can to help the 1930 contest, and am very glad if I could serve on the committee. Kindly excuse my long delay, but I did not know of your plans till this morning.

PAUL E. BRUNS,
New York City.

Harriet Vernon has asked us to state what we consider the essential points in judging a booknote. All the points she has suggested herself are good ones and especially the last point of all. I doubt if we can improve upon her ideas. We have in the past printed for our readers the notes we considered interesting. We are now going to print a few that we feel are not so good, either because the writers have failed to make an estimate of the book which will gain for it other readers, or else they have not expressed themselves clearly.

Fine Recent Books for Winter and Spring

LOOT OF THE FLYING DRAGON
By Kenneth Payson Kempton

A grand pirate story, just published, with a Boston lad of 1718 for the hero. It swings along with a spirit not only of high adventure but of high ideals. The January selection for older boys of the Junior Literary Guild.

Illustrated by Wilfred Jones. **$2.00**

THE CROOKED APPLE TREE
By Cornelia Meigs

"A charming story of two orphans, Anthony, aged thirteen, and Jane, eleven, and Nora-Who-Lives-With-Us, which will be a delight for both boys and girls."— *Saturday Review of Literature.*

"The splendid quality of the work of Cornelia Meigs has set her a little apart from the many writers of children's stories. She has made a niche for herself that no one else can quite fill. Other people write stories; Miss Meigs writes literature."—*New York World*

Illustrated by Helen Mason Grose. **$2.00**

THE LONG BRIGHT LAND: FAIRY TALES FROM SOUTHERN SEAS
By Edith Howes

"Edith Howes has done the difficult thing. She has allowed the story to tell itself as such stories should always be allowed to do."— *Theodore Acland Harper.*

"The book is a permanent one for the home fireside as well as the school and public library bookshelves. In format it is one of the most distinguished of the year—reflecting in decoration and design the artist's study of Maori art."— *Anne Carroll Moore.*

Illustrated by Dorothy P. Lathrop. **$2.50**

UNDER TWO EAGLES By Helen Coale Crew

"In my opinion this book should help to further weld the people of America and Poland, and inspire in the younger generation a finer understanding, a greater love and admiration for both countries.—*S. W. Warakomski*, Gen. Sec. Polish Union of U. S. of North America.

"It gives me pleasure to recommend the reading of UNDER TWO EAGLES to every child and youth of America. It especially shows the splendid traits of character and strong determination to succeed, which characterizes especially those of Polish birth who come to these shores to better themselves."— *J. J. Olejniczak*, President, Polish R. C. Union of America.

"This story of Poland, and particularly of two young Polish boys, is so full of life and vigor that it makes a lasting impression on the reader and is one of the outstanding books of the fall."— *The HornBook.*

Illustrated by Henry C. Pitz. **$2.00**

PATTY PANS: A COOK BOOK FOR BEGINNERS
By Florence LaGanke

"A simple but entirely adequate cook book that puts in all the directions other such guides are unwise enough to leave out."— *May Lamberton Becker* in *The Bookman.*

"Miss LaGanke's book has all the makings of a sort of juvenile 'Fanny Farmer'."— *D. W. B.*, in *The Boston Transcript.*

Illustrated by W. Prentice Phillips. **$1.75**

PLEASE COME TO MY PARTY
By Bertha M. Hamilton

"Contains descriptions of and full directions for 12 children's parties each appropriate to a month of the year. A story element runs through the book which will interest the children who are helping to plan the entertainment for their own parties. An attractive, well-made book."— *A. L. A. Booklist.*

Illustrated by Jessie A. MacDonald. **$1.75**

CHAD OF KNOB HILL: THE TALE OF A LONE SCOUT
By Howard R. Garis

"In my judgment it is going to prove a book of unlimited value . . . . I hope some way can be found to make this book available to a very large number of country boys throughout the nation. The book is excellent and is worthy of a place in every country home."—*O. H. Benson*, Director, Department of Rural Scouting, Boy Scouts of America.

Illustrated by Paul Martin. **$2.00**

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, *Publishers*

THE TALE OF TWO CITIES, *by Charles Dickens*

One derives a greater knowledge reading Dickens' books. "The Tale of Two Cities" is one of the famous author's best works, for most of his other books are mainly the life or biography of a person, but, however, this book is different. I have found, though, that in all his stories there is the same magnet that draws you to the story and makes you live in it; making you glad when the story is happy and making you cry when the story is sad. For this alone do I love and admire the art of Dickens' writing.

You may or may not believe me, but, see for yourselves and read and live through Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities."

KING OF THE THUNDERING HERD, *by Clarence Hawkes*

This book has in it the thrilling experiences of the pioneer days. I also liked the information that was given about the extermination of buffaloes of which I didn't have much to say. It held me in such interest that I almost forgot that I live in the twentieth century.

LITTLE WOMEN, *by Louisa M. Alcott*

"Little Women" (the foundation of "Little Men") was very well written. "Jo," who was not as stately as the rest, furnishes many amusing incidents. She is changed, however, by the death of "Beth," her sister.

I consider that this book ranks second to all of Miss Alcott's books that I have read.

I have just finished reading "The Blythe Girls Snowbound in Camp." Oh, I think it is a splendid book. Wouldn't you love to have a mystery of that kind?

Oh, I would just love to.

A ROSE IN BLOOM, *by Louisa M. Alcott*

I like this book very much although some parts of it are sad, but still it makes you want to continue it to the end. The book gives you a picture of Rose's character and also of Phoebe's. When you read the book you will find out how Phoebe earned her welcome. Altogether it is a very good book to read.

JANE EYRE, *by Charlotte Brontë*

Simplicity is seldom expressed in the correct fashion, especially by authors. Its meaning is explained very well by Miss Bronte. One would think that Miss Bronte was trying to teach morals, at the very beginning of the book. But towards the end this feeling changes.

I have a very pathetic heart and at the conclusion of the book, I burst into tears. My only hope is that Miss Bronte will write more books to drive me to tears. I adore books of that manner.

Winner of the Longmans' $2,000 Prize

COURAGEOUS COMPANIONS

By CHARLES J. FINGER

An amazingly fine seafaring tale of a high-spirited English lad who joined Magellan on the first voyage around the world. Illustrated by *James Daugherty*. $3.00.

THE JUMPING-OFF PLACE

By MARIAN HURD McNEELY

Runner-up for the Longmans' prize. "This story of homesteading in Dakota is fresh in atmosphere and background; there is real character creation in it."—*Dorothy Canfield Fisher*. Illustrated. $2.00.

THE RED PRIOR'S LEGACY

By ALFRED HOYT BILL

The adventures of Henri de Mirecourt who sailed from America during the French Revolution to search for a hidden treasure. "I opened it before breakfast and could not put it down until I had finished it."—*May Lamberton Becker*. Illustrated by *Henry Pitz*. $2.00.

JUNIPER GREEN

By MARY WILLARD KEYES

A group of boys discover an odd old man fishing in their favorite woods. They all become involved in mysterious activities which lead to an exciting climax. Illustrated. $2.50.

THE TANGLE-COATED HORSE

By ELLA YOUNG

"Irish folk tales so beautifully told and so filled with the magic and glory of the olden days that one longs to put it into the hands of modern youth."—*Chicago Tribune*. Illustrated. $3.50.

GREY MAIDEN

By ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

The story of a sword through the ages. *Grey Maiden* plays an important rôle in thrilling times. Illustrations by *Henry Pitz*. $2.50.

YOU MAKE YOUR OWN LUCK

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

Every girl will get a delightful thrill and plenty of fun from the story of Nellie Edna's adventures in the wild Virginia mountains. Illustrated. $2.00.

WONDER TALES FROM FAIRY ISLES

By FRANCES JENKINS OLCOTT

Stories and poems of brownies and witches, dwarfs and giants, by a famous weaver of fairy lore. Illustrations by *Constance Whittemore*. $2.00.

Picture Books for Little People

All with pictures in color

What'll You Do When You Grow Up?
By Berta and Elmer Hader. $1.00

The Magic Flutes
By Josef Kozisek. $3.50

Adventures of Three Little Pigs
By Louis Moe. $1.50

Raggle Taggle Bear
By Louis Moe. $1.50

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.
Publishers, New York

THE BOY KNIGHT OF REIMS, *by Eloise Lownsbery*

This story took place long, long ago. It was so splendid and I enjoyed it so I don't feel as if I could write a report on it. It certainly gives you wonderful ideas about the Cathedral of Reims. It was during part of this period while the cathedral was building that this story takes place.

If any writer of booknotes or any of the judges-to-be have any points they could add or have any ideas to express we shall be glad to have them write us and we shall print their suggestions. Here is a good place to say in answer to Emily Clapp's question that we hope very much that those who serve on the committee will be just as active as they can be in sending in notes this year. We want all the booknotes we can get, and now that we have at least eleven people to read them we aren't afraid to have them arrive in blizzards.

We have had one misprint in names called to our attention in the November Horn Book. It is Marjorie Ellicott who received honorable mention, not Marjorie Elliott. We are sorry for this mistake and hope we have not made others.

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ADVENTURES WITH MUSIC

By Joseph G. Bradley

Editor's Note: The author of this article is fourteen years old and having a gorgeously good time with the pipe organ. This good time he pursues under his own steam and after his own fashion in and about conventional school work and organ study.

THE first place that I heard music was in my nursery, on the fourth story of a cold, ugly house backing on the Charles River. At that time I had a young German nurse who played the piano. It used to fascinate me to watch her fingers moving over the keys and hear the Pavlowa Gavotte. It was this that really started my interest in music. Unfortunately, this nurse became sick and was replaced by another.

A short period of time passed before I even heard any more music. When I was about six, by my own request, I was taken to see the "Mikado." This was not only the first musical performance I had heard but my first theatre. At this time, too, I became interested in the various types of musical instruments and made monthly trips to the Art Museum to see old ones and almost daily trips to Carl Fischer's to see modern ones. In fact, I came home one day with a black face, because I had got on my hands and knees to see "how a 'cello stuck into the floor." I wanted then to play the saxophone, not because I liked the tone, but for the shape and size. I never had one, but got a "hot potato whistle" instead. I soon dropped it, chipped it slightly, and never could bear the sight of it again. Even now I hate to see scarred instruments or ragged music.

Early I had shown signs of a strong voice, although not as a singer. At an early age, however, I did sing selections from Hansel and Gretel and folk songs in German and Russian. When I was five years old, I was sent to the Beaver School. Here they said I had a nice voice but was afraid to use it. I had always been very shy and until my second year I was embarrassed to tears when I joined in the small plays held

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there until I was asked to sing a duet in a Christmas pageant. At the last moment, as I entered the stage, I lost all fear. Since that episode I have never been hindered in any way by stage fright.

Shortly after I became very much interested in my singing, and I have worked on my voice up to the present time with the aid of capable teachers and I have sung in a number of small operettas. Last year I was solo soprano at Milton Academy where I am now at school.

While still in the lower grades at the Beaver School I started to play the harp. My teacher at school played one and I thought that it had such an interesting tone that I insisted on having one, too. For a number of years I studied hard, having many teachers. These teachers were not all harpists. Two of them were violinists. They taught me theory and made arrangements for me of several carols and small pieces. Soon, however, my interest in the instrument started to wane until I ceased altogether to practise and my lessons finally stopped. When I was working on this instrument, I learned many things which have proved useful since. One of my teachers had me play the harp with her ensemble class. This taught me: one's place in an orchestra; how to follow a conductor; a clearer understanding of orchestral work; and a knowledge of what is expected of your instrument by great composers. Whenever it is possible I would advise any one, no matter what instrument he or she may play, to learn how to play in a group if only for a short time. No teacher can teach a pupil these three things and their many subdivisions. A pupil may learn a lot of rules, but there is no way of telling without some kind of a check how often he may use them.

After dropping the harp, I took up Solfeggio. This made it possible for me to read in all the clefs and in all keys, a thing that is essential to good playing. I also studied theory out of "Principles of Musical Theory," by Miquelle and Longy. I find this book indispensable in playing the organ. For two years I studied these two subjects and then took

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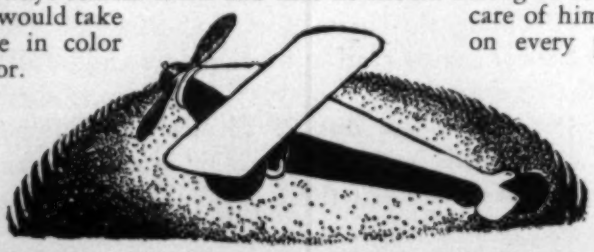

Elementary Harmony. At the time I did not gain anything by it as I, like most children, disliked practise, particularly written work, but I kept the books and have done the work since by myself with only occasional help.

The following year, due to an operation, I had no lessons of any kind in music. I missed the practise hours and used to go to the piano, pick out melodies and harmonize them. I have hidden in some note book a trio for harps and two weird melodies for violin and 'cello which I wrote at this time secretly. Also having little to do, I had time to think about something which had interested me most in a history of music in Boston that I had written two years before for my school. This was the fact that in the house of a friend was the first electric organ in the world, built by Mr. Ernest Skinner. I studied all the information that I could gather on this organ and others, and decided to play the instrument some day. The real reason for wanting to play had started at an early age when on going to the house for a party, I saw this instrument with its many buttons and odd little pedals. For many years I had not thought about it, but now it filled my mind, and now if ever, I thought, was my chance to start to play it.

I could not read music on keyboards and had no keyboard technique when I began. My first experience with an organ was being left to play on the keys of this old organ. For two years I played off and on at this wonderful instrument without any lessons. Any practising I did for it was done on the piano. I hardly understood either the stops and couplers or the pedal notes. I merely stumbled on, not realizing the possibilities of the instrument.

At this time I went to school where they have a very beautiful Casavant organ. During the second week of school, I was asked to come to the chapel by one of the older boys so that he might see what I could do. This boy unconsciously told me the things I had not known. I had practically to learn how to play the modern organ. I then joined the choir as solo soprano where I was given the job of turn-

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Illustrated by DONALD TEAGUE and ARNOLD HALL

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ing pages for the organist. Finally one day the organist fell sick and I was forced to play for a service. I did this, trembling from head to foot. I never learned so much in twenty-five minutes before or since. Happily I made no mistakes and was given the title of assistant organist.

Then I started to give small recitals on various organs about Boston. These were particularly interesting because they brought me in contact with many well-known organists. I now took lessons from Professor G. W. Woodworth of Harvard College, at Appleton Chapel. I have been progressing with surprising speed under his direction. Through him I had the pleasure of playing at Wellesley College Chapel. This led to my playing for three weddings as well as for a church conference.

During the summer I played in the Rogers Memorial Church at Fairhaven, where I became interested in the music of modern organists. This led to my collecting a small library of compositions by such composers as Lang, Mathews, Price, Ryder, and others. At this church, without any teacher, I also improved my technique considerably and my ability to do sight reading.

Until last year I had only two books about music besides two musical fairy tales; these were Grove's "Dictionary of Music" and "The Book of Musical Knowledge," by Elson. Both of these books are excellent, extremely interesting and very instructive. My next book was "How to Play the Cinema Organ," by Tootel, an English pioneer in this field. I collected this because I sometimes play at the Exeter Street Theatre. I then tried to buy some books on organ playing with an orchestra. This I was unable to do, but I found books on French organ music, organ registration, and another book on theatre organ playing by Edith Lang.

Although I am given pieces to prepare for my teacher which require much work, I practise them only one-third of my practise time. Until last summer I hated to practise, and then not having any one to tell me what to do or what not to do, I picked out my own pieces. This made me more

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interested in developing my hands in order to play these things. I was also asked to help a young piano student with his work. I cannot play the piano even now, but I attempted to work with him, thus developing my reading of notes and expression.

I am at present trying to collect various themes of different nationalities for the moving pictures. For example, during the past week I have been collecting Japanese themes from "Mme. Butterfly," the "Mikado," and collections of foreign anthems as well as various short descriptive compositions. This collecting makes me familiar with a great deal of music. In addition to this collection I am trying to build up a large repertoire, as I have many demands for new music. These two things give me variety while I do the things my teacher tells me.

My library of music for the organ consists of the Wagner opera scores as well as the scores of "Faust," "Aïda," "Mme. Butterfly" and others. I also have the scores of "Iolanthe" and the "Mikado," which I find useful for light numbers. My music, written specifically for the organ, is made up of Bach's preludes and fugues, Mendelssohn, Handel, Boëllmann, Guilmant and many other composers.

I place my music before all other work. This, radical as it may be and contrary to the ideas of those more experienced than myself, is my honest judgment of the value of a useful art and a possible means of obtaining a living. One soon forgets Latin and Greek after one has left school, and therefore only gains mental training; but one can have some use for music, art, or science in later life. I do not mean to say that I don't believe in schools, for I think them excellent and indispensable institutions; but I do not think, as many do, that all the students' efforts should be concentrated in school work. I merely attempt to "pass" in certain school subjects, but try for perfection in my other work, not excluding the speaking of foreign languages.

Editor's Note: The Horn Book hopes to present other accounts of the journeys of young riders of Hobby Horses. In the May number Eleanor Riddle of Cambridge will record her experiences in collecting and blue printing flowers, ferns, and plants. Several years ago The Bookshop showed a quite lovely collection of her blue prints. Since that time she has developed the painting of the blue prints to show the colors of plants.

Whether or not you saw the Oxford Marionettes, you should see and read the two books which made it so pleasant for Mr. Punch to be Stage Manager.

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A LIBRARY ON WHEELS

By Elizabeth T. Turner

DO you remember in "Millions of Cats" that picture of the hills and hills and more hills the very old man had to travel in search of his cat? It's those selfsame hills we are travelling every day in a bright green library car, taking to the children of Hunterdon County, New Jersey, the books they want to read. A year has passed since we first began to travel over those hills; and the welcome of the country children is still as warm and gay as it was that first trip. Perhaps it has become warmer, for now we are friends and the children have memories of hours spent with Heidi, and Pinocchio, and Long John Silver and a throng of others to lead them to expect new friends on the gay shelves of the library car.

As we approach the school house, we are met with salutes, and ecstatic jumps in the air, and the cry, Goody! *More* books!

The car stops; the doors are thrown open; the whole school gathers round, with the teacher usually hovering in the background; and the fun begins. "Oh, here's a book by Altsheler! That fellow writes good ones." "Here, Ed, here's 'Pinocchio.' Take it. It's a good one. It's full of the very dickens." "Please, can I have the he ran and he ran and he ran book?" "Oh, Mary, is this the book you cried so over? If it is, I want it."

We notice four older girls almost fighting over which shall have a green covered book in one girl's possession. "Let me have it first!" "No, let me—it's by the same one, I know it is, and the pictures are by the same one, too!" The book they are discussing so vigorously turns out to be Laurence Housman's "Moonshine and Clover!" And the enthusiasm is the result of the fact that they had just finished reading "Doorway in Fairyland."

One small girl approaches, and we find that news of a good book has travelled over from the next valley. "Could you

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please bring me 'Chi-Wee?' My cousin at Sandy Ridge read it."

We next supply the teacher with the "Singing Farmer," and "Queenie," and "Boyd Smith's Farm Book" for a "farm project." We leave a few good books for the mothers and fathers (in Polish or Italian or whatnot if they can't read English). As we start to pack up we hear an eager small boy at our elbow say, "Going to tell us a story? Come on in, do."

When we enter the school house, a nice old stone one which is perhaps more picturesque than adequate, we find the children already in their seats, waiting for the story. (We have been known to break away from tradition and have it out under the trees in fine weather!) The story may be "Molly Whuppie," or the "Seller of Dreams," or "Billy Beg and His Bull." The eager interest and the enjoyment of good humor is the same children give everywhere.

Editor's Note: Miss Turner is the librarian of the Hunterdon County Library with headquarters at Flemington, New Jersey. She writes that Wanda Gág lives in her county and has said in a letter, "It is interesting to me that you recognize in some of my illustrations these Jersey hills, for they are there, in essential form, at least, in 'Millions of Cats.'"

The Library Car